

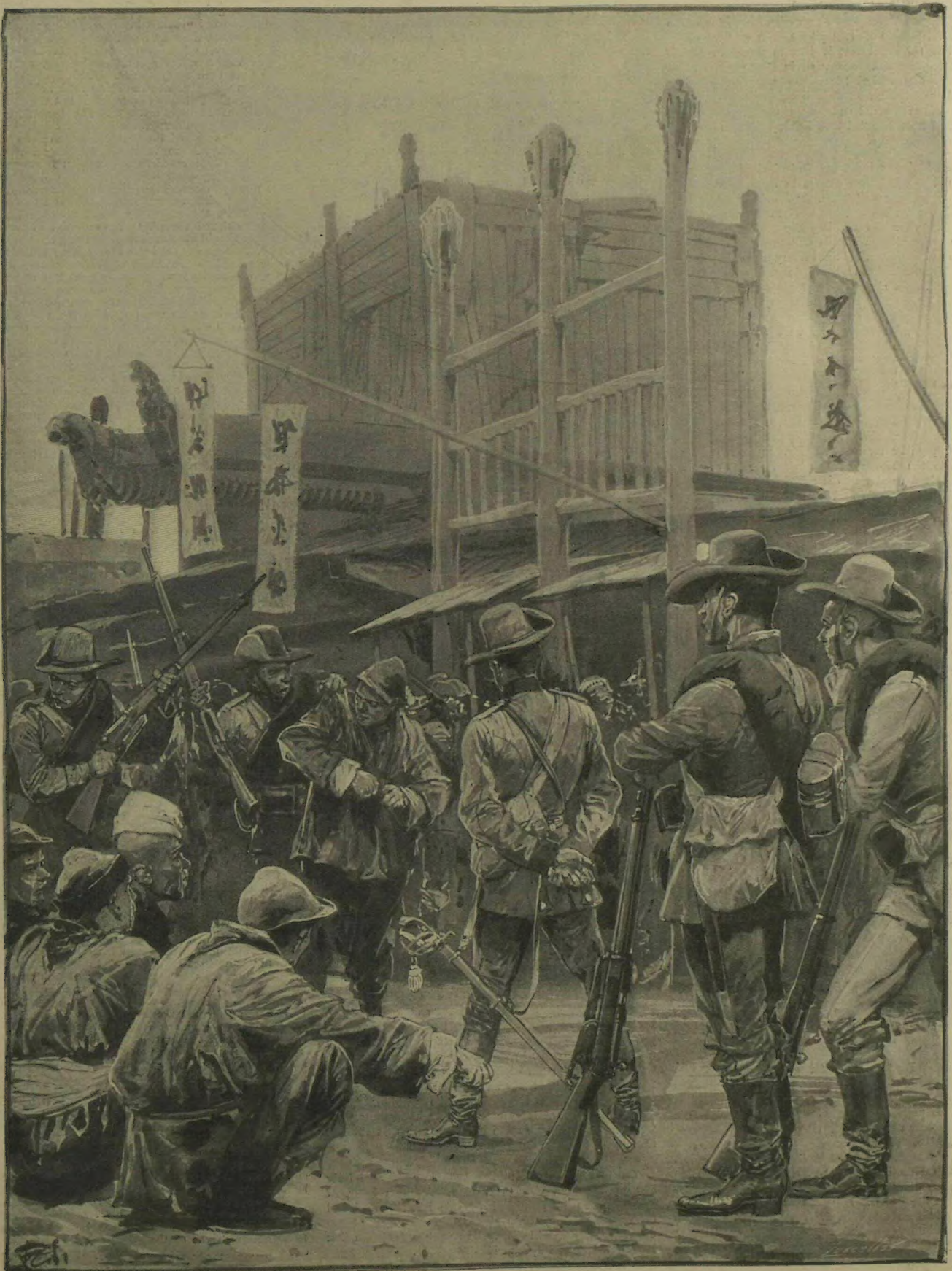
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: GERMAN SOLDIERS SEARCHING HOUSES FOR ARMED "BOXERS."

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have read lately a glowing eulogy of the novelist as a Parliamentary candidate. Who so fitting, it was argued, to supervise the national interests as the professional student of human nature, the analyst of so many hearts? I doubt whether this appeal would have much effect upon the average elector. One novelist, Mr. Gilbert Parker, has been elected to the new Parliament, but I have not heard that the streets of Gravesend were placarded with these entreaties: "Vote for Parker and the Human Heart"; "Gravesend wants a man who sees right through you. This is Parker's Business; this is why you all read his novels. Electors of Gravesend, it is your duty to vote for Parker." From my knowledge of Mr. Parker, I should say that he will prove to be an admirable public servant, with unquenchable zeal, and a real gift of stirring speech. Dr. Conan Doyle, who has failed to win a seat, would have contributed not a little to the common-sense of St. Stephen's. Mr. Anthony Hope, whose health did not permit him to persevere in his candidature at Falkirk, has shown in his new novel that he surveys our political life with a keen and serenely impartial eye. Such men should appeal to the electorate by virtue of the personal endowments that are disclosed in a contest; but do they find their literary reputation of any avail in electioneering?

When Thackeray stood for Oxford some forty years ago, he did not find that success in story-telling was a passport to popular confidence. "Vanity Fair" was ten years old, but Oxford had not read it. The University ignored the writer who had begotten more wisdom than could be gathered from all the culture of all the Dons. The town had never heard of this literary man, and probably thought him a simpleton when he rushed into the street to rescue from a choice mob of his own supporters a political opponent who was in a fair way to have his head broken. And yet Thackeray's election speeches had so much manly good sense, and were so commendably free from personal animus and foolish platitudes, that he came very near to beating so experienced a politician as Mr. Cardwell. Most critics regard Thackeray's defeat as a lucky escape. They think he would have been out of his element in Parliament, and that his true work would have been neglected. It seems to me, on the contrary, that he would have anticipated by some thirty years the peculiar service that Mr. Augustine Birrell rendered to the House of Commons. That assembly always needs a mentor who is sufficiently detached from its prejudices to sprinkle cool humour on the fiery cinders of party recrimination. Alas! Mr. Birrell has lost his seat, and who is to succeed him with sufficient candour, humour, and authority to prevent the House from making a fool of itself, as in the famous case of Mr. Samuel Smith and the British drama, I do not know.

This is a serious matter, and should engage the attention of the Incorporated Society of Authors. This body is not yet alive to its opportunities and its national obligations. Sir Walter Besant keeps a vigilant eye on the encroachments of publishers, but has no thought of waging war against the blind ineptitude that entrenches itself behind Parliamentary rules. Why should not the Authors' Society select its most likely candidates, and appeal frankly to the electors as the party of disinterested lookers-on? It is badly needed. We can't all be lawyers, brewers, or even railway directors. The Parliamentary author would have no axe to grind, for the addition of M.P. to his name on the title-page would not sell a single copy of a new novel. Thackeray had an idea that literary men were unjustly excluded from public offices, and he wanted to recall the days when Addison was Secretary of State, and Prior was an ambassador. No such ambition is cherished now, although I believe Mr. Maurice Hewlett would make an uncommonly impressive figure as British Ambassador at the Court of King Victor Emmanuel. "We are not office-seekers," Sir Walter Besant might write, if he were to frame a manifesto for the electioneering authors. "We have no craving for the perquisites of partisans. 'We come for your goods,' cried the German lady with an imperfect knowledge of English to the London mob when the Hanoverians came over. It is upon the good of the public, not its goods, that the mind of the author is set. It will be his mission to keep the greed of predatory interests within bounds, and, above all, to chasten the folly which imagines that human nature can be transformed by a short Act."

A General Election always rouses the liveliest discontent in bosoms which are not moved by the party cries of the moment. I look into the *Field*, and find an energetic protest against a national judgment that does not concern itself with the state of agriculture, the misconduct of railway companies, the pollution of rivers, the neglect of sea-fisheries, and the grievances of cyclists. Here is a considerable area of abuses, and yet the pitched battle of our party champions has never come within sight of it. Unopposed M.P.s are elected by dozens, and not a single voter dreams of asking his representative for a definite opinion on such a question as that of railway rates, which vitally affects the weal of industries

assailed by foreign competition. Mr. Joseph Pennell is not a British elector, or he would summon his M.P. to demand satisfaction from the Swiss Government, which forbids motor-bicycles to "note" on the Alpine passes. What railway director has been asked to pledge himself to the punctuality of trains? I had a short interview recently with an official at a station in the New Forest. It pertained to a Sunday train that was thirty-five minutes late. "That train has been late all through the summer," said the official cheerfully, as if he were stating one of the axioms of railway management. Somebody has suggested a Railway Passengers' Defence League, with hundreds of thousands of members at a subscription of a shilling a year. It sounds tremendous; but I question whether the railway directors will be frightened. Who has the time to organise the passengers of the United Kingdom? No; Sir Walter Besant must look to it that a small but resolute band of authors shall be elected to Parliament to badger the Board of Trade into coercive measures. We should ask for something quite reasonable—say a sliding scale of fines for unpunctuality, five pounds for the first five minutes, and ten pounds for every succeeding minute up to sixty, when the penalty would be raised to a thousand pounds.

Miss Rockefeller, who inherited her father's millions, has told an interviewer that wealth cannot buy happiness. The interviewer appears to have been startled by a proposition that is a commonplace among the rich. When they are very candid, they will assure you that to be brought up on gold cramps the fine feelings. Gold does not adapt itself to the humanities, because the monotony of possessing so many thousands a year hardens you into indifference. In the enlightened future, I believe, the rich will be educated on a different plan. They will have intervals of grinding poverty, and then they will be suddenly restored to affluence. Wealth must be always a glorious uncertainty, and never a soul-withering habit. Mr. Hawtreys, in "A Message from Mars," dreams that he is suddenly reduced to beggary, that his fur coat is stripped off his back by a stroke of magic, and that he is left in tatters to earn a few pence by sweeping snow off doorsteps. The camel may not pass through the needle's eye; but if the rich man could be put through Mr. Hawtreys' ordeal by legislative sanction, think of his moral improvement! Would there be any purse-proud aristocrats in this city if a policeman were to ring any morning at the door of the mansion in Park Lane, lay his hand on the shoulder of the householder, and say, "Come along, my man. It's your turn at poverty's treadmill, and your costermonger's barrow is waiting outside"?

I have read a charming article in the *Spectator* about the late Professor Thomas Davidson, an Aberdeen man who lived many years in America, and acquired a great reputation by the breadth of his culture. I made his acquaintance in Chicago on the occasion of a lecture he gave to the Dante Society of that city. At that time the Dante Society of Chicago appeared to consist chiefly of ladies. If I remember rightly, I was almost the only man in the audience, most of them spinsters who followed the lecture with note-books and eager pencils. Professor Davidson discoursed upon the "Paradiso," not the "Inferno," and at a certain point he paused and gazed around with whimsical embarrassment. Dante, he said at last, had some ideas that were not altogether modern. To woman in his Paradise was assigned the highest place; but it was to unmarried woman. The Professor's voice dropped, and the eager pencils dropped, and a gloom settled down upon the Dante Society of Chicago. The chairman did his best to retrieve the evening. He was a clergyman, very eloquent; even his feet joined in the eloquence, for he strode up and down the platform, pouring out philosophy about life in another world. The spinster ladies listened wistfully, evidently hoping that he would repudiate Dante's doctrine about the inferior status of marriage. But he said no word on the subject, and the Professor sat and smiled blandly.

Wealth cannot command happiness, neither can culture. Here was a whole hallful of sensitive students made wretched by the sudden conflict between their dearest aspiration and the teaching of the august poet they had chosen for special reverence. For how can a Dante Society criticise Dante? I could see that Davidson was alive to the dilemma, and that he regarded it with a twinkling eye, which increased the general confusion and distress. The parson was clearly afraid of it; hence those nervous prancings up and down. What happened after that I never heard. Did the Dante Society of Chicago split upon that unexpected rock, or decide to pass it by? And if the policy of evasion was adopted, what happened when Professor Davidson lectured on the "Inferno," and dwelt upon the fate of the trimmers who are stung by wasps and bitten by snakes quite early in that cheerful masterpiece?

One of the most accomplished Dante scholars of Italy last week paid a visit to London, Signorina Levy, of Florence, who has published a Dante Birthday Book and done some serious Dante studentship otherwise. Some discoveries of hers will shortly bear upon a forgotten link between Dante and Byron as his translator.

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

It must be sorrowfully admitted that the most prominent feature of the military situation in China during the past few weeks has been the relegation of Great Britain to what looks very much like a "back seat," or what, at any rate, will appear such to the Far Eastern mind. No activity seems to be wanting on General Gaselee's part, and, wherever they have had a chance, the troops under his command have signally distinguished themselves. But it is idle to say that they have been used with anything like the same effect as the Russian, German, and Japanese contingents, and shrewd observers on the spot are commenting severely on the invertebrate policy which makes it impossible for such a fine little force to be used to better advantage. Even now it is somewhat uncertain whether the British troops will be given an adequate rôle in such operations as will be carried out before a move is made into winter quarters, and it is evident that in several recent expeditions they have been prevented from taking anything resembling a leading part.

As far as can be gathered from conflicting reports at the time of writing, the winter garrison of Peking will consist of 8000 Germans, a British Brigade about 3000 strong, 2000 Japanese, 1500 Russians, and 1500 Americans. Six months' rations have been requisitioned, and no doubt a force of 16,000 men with guns will be able to hold Peking against any Chinese troops likely to attack it. But the position is not free from difficulty and risk. The Boxers have evidently not disappeared from the neighbourhood, since they quite recently attacked the post at Ma-tou on the Peking-Tientsin road. There is reason to believe, moreover, that a quantity of modern ammunition is concealed in Peking, and organised disturbances in and around the city are likely to occur throughout the winter, with which Count von Waldersee may find it troublesome to cope.

Meanwhile, the expedition to Pao-tung-fu has been somewhat delayed, though by the time these lines are in print news should have arrived of its being at least well on its way. According to Chinese rumours, a stout resistance will be offered to the Allies at this point, but there is nothing of strategical weight to support this assumption. On the contrary, a well-carried-out convergence of two columns from Peking and Tientsin on Pao-tung-fu would probably result in a more easy, effective, and wholesale dispersal of the Boxers than any as yet accomplished.

Considerable interest is centred in Li-nan-fu, which by a recent edict is now the imperial capital of China. Here it is said the Court is being joined by 200,000 Chinese troops armed with modern weapons, who may be expected to make a move shortly under General Tung-fu-siang. It remains to be seen whether this move will be in the direction of Peking or Shanghai, but in either case adequate precautions to meet it will involve serious consideration on the part of Count von Waldersee, who is already much occupied in striving to hold the balance between the Powers.

As anticipated last week, the capture of the Pei-tang and Lutai forts has been followed by a successful occupation of Shan-hai-kwan, in which all the Powers seem to have taken part. But this real success has been somewhat discounted by reports of serious unrest in the neighbourhood of Shanghai and Canton.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Guerilla warfare continues to be carried on by the Boers, but with daily decreasing enthusiasm and success. Generals Botha and De Wet remain in the field, the former apparently still hovering about Pietersburg, to the north of Pretoria, while the latter has turned up near Wepener, in the Orange River Colony, close to the Basuto frontier, and the scene of Colonel Dalgety's stout resistance in the early days of the war. There seems to be a good many marauding Boers in the Ladybrand and Ficksburg districts of the Orange River Colony, doubtless owing to the ease with which supplies can be procured in these fertile parts. But, as Rundle demonstrated some months back, under much less favourable conditions than now obtain, it is not difficult to squeeze the Boers out of a corner of this sort, in which an unfriendly native frontier is to them a constant source of danger.

A particularly encouraging sign has been the improved attitude of the farmers, who are evidently beginning to regard marauding bands with a very unfriendly eye. Only a few days back two farmer burghers brought in an armed Boer as a prisoner into Kelly-Kenny's camp.

Rundle, Methuen, and Hart have been busy in their respective spheres, Hart having completely pacified the Potchefstroom district, while Methuen has been much occupied round Rustenburg. The Brigade of Guards has left Komati Poort for Pretoria, and, it is said, is likely to be sent home in the near future. The City Imperial Volunteers have already embarked in the *Aurania*, and are timed to reach home on Oct. 28. The Naval Brigade has arrived at Simon's Town from Pretoria, after receiving a hearty and grateful farewell from Lord Roberts, and the Natal Volunteers have returned to their homes, carrying with them the very good wishes and keen appreciation of their Regular comrades. In the gradual breaking-up of such a force as that which for many weary months has been fighting against the Boers, it would be invidious to single out any particular corps or contingent for favourable comparison with the rest, but in the case of the Natal Volunteers it is only fair to recall the fact that they were among the very first to go to the front, and that throughout they have borne themselves with conspicuous grit and "go."

The most important recent operations have been those under the supervision of Sir Redvers Buller, who has been clearing the Lydenburg region with characteristic thoroughness and disregard of natural obstacles. Here and there resistance has been encountered, but nothing of a nature to stop the seasoned troops under Buller's leadership, who appear to make light of the most difficult passes and to be brushing away the Boers like flies.

The absolute end cannot now be far off. Repeated reports indicate utter want of heart on the part of the enemy, and continual additions are being made to our 16,000 prisoners who at the beginning of this month had either surrendered or been captured by our troops.

AN ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY IN
DUMBARTONSHIRE.

Following up the former wonderful archaic discoveries of recent years on the Clyde-side (particularly in the ancient Colquhoun country), my latest investigations have been directed to what appears to be the colony of a race of mound-dwellers. The site is at the north-western corner of the Colquhoun country, in the county of Dumbarton, on the left bank of the Auchingach, one of the highest tributaries of the Fruin, 1000 ft. above the level of the sea. The approaches to this solitude either from north or south are pre-eminently picturesque. My first visit was from the south-west, starting from Shandon, and gradually ascending a gradient of about 200 feet to the mile. We pass through a typical moorland, with patches of well-farmed land, where the grain, in many cases, still stands uncut, while in others it has been secured in safety under "thack and rape." We strike the high-road to Glen Fruin, and rounding the southern shoulder of Strone, cross the Auchingach, receding farther and farther from the busy haunts of men, till at last we find all signs of civilisation disappear, and we are face to face with Nature in one of her most impressive aspects—grandeur and repose. Following the left bank of the stream, we gradually leave the heather behind, and ascend the sides of huge conical mountains, rising on each side to a height of 2000 ft., clothed with pasture to the summit, and affording ample grazing for the large flocks of black-faced sheep which thickly dot the hills from their base to their highest peaks.

The glen is treeless, with the exception of one or two solitary birch and rowan trees—the rowan, in all the glory of its vermilion berries, glistening in the autumn sunlight, all the brighter and more beautiful from the fact that the foliage is yet as green as it was in the month of May, awaiting the magic touch of the first night's frost, which, with its fiery finger, paints the leaves in tints which rival in beauty and intensity the hues of the berries.

Crossing a larger one of numerous rivulets which furrow the mountain-side, and ascending a pathway of rude boulders, quite an archaic structure, we find ourselves on one side of an oblong, quadrangular, or oval-like space about a hundred yards in diameter, around which the ground appears to rise in hillocks or mounds, having a striking resemblance to magnified molehills, the lesser of which, in their contour, turf, and colour, blend almost imperceptibly into the formation of the hillside. The turf is the ordinary moorland moss, bracken, rushes, and "wire-grass."

A closer inspection of the mounds suggests their artificial formation, and, on examination, positive evidence is available of human labouring, particularly in the discovery that each mound, in so far as examined, had a doorway constructed with jambs of boulders. These doorways in the majority of cases faced the south-west, their extraordinary narrowness forming a striking feature, being such as to make access impossible to a person of ordinary dimensions, many of these doorways only measuring in the opening 15 in. square and others only 12 in. The mounds at their highest point measured 6 ft. in height above the level of the hillside, and from 6 ft. to 15 ft. in diameter. The mound in course of excavation, shown in the illustration on another page, is 12 ft. in diameter, 4 ft. in height, with a doorway 12 in. wide. Partial excavation revealed the fact that the foundation was a built structure of boulders from the mountain-side or the burn below.

A general survey was now made, and more discoveries were the result. Separating from our party, I was fortunate in discovering another group farther up the glen to the north-east, but evidently forming part of this wonderful colony. Still investigating, a further addition was made to the group of eighteen dwellings on the right bank of the burn, almost opposite the original group—in all, no less than seventy dwellings, each mound showing more or less evidence (on examination) of human labouring, and in every case where verified the doorways were never more than twelve or fifteen inches wide.

My attention was first directed to the mounds by Mr. W. S. Turnbull, The Place, Bonhill, Renton, with whom and Mr. J. W. Somerville, of Helensburgh, the first inspection was made. These mounds, when previously discussed, were generally called the shielings. But Mr. Turnbull's long and practical experience, gained while renting numerous large sheep-tracks in various parts of the Highlands, gave his opinion great weight. His opinion was that such mounds would be of no practical value for any of the uses to which shielings are applied, and that they were more probably archaic dwellings. On careful examination and partial excavation I was quite convinced that the mounds were habitations—habitations of small men—and that the colony was just the additional evidence wanted by scientists to bear out the theory of a very small race seeking protection and concealment partially under ground.

Subsequently Mr. David MacRitchie, F.S.A., Edinburgh, the eminent author of "Mounds and Mound-dwellers," an antiquary who has spent many years of laborious and fruitful investigation of this fascinating study, visited the colony. He was much struck with what he saw, and considers the discovery of the greatest importance. Many of the features are new to him. He had never seen anything like them before. The excavations made specially in his presence confirmed the fact that they were a colony of mound-dwellers, which only needed careful investigation and examination to add an invaluable page to the history of the early races of our islands.

Since the first drawings were made, excavations have been commenced, and the revelations prove occupation and habitation and other archaic features, including association of "cup and ring" carvings, which all point to an antiquarian discovery of the highest value, and promising further revelations of the greatest interest.

W. A. DONNELLY, B.A.A.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

The favourite topic of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's later comedies, a scandal in high life not unconnected with the divorce court, is once more exploited in his new play at Wyndham's, "Mrs. Dane's Defence." The heroine of the story is a mysterious lady of thirty who has a young lad's affection, and is the subject of ugly rumours—rumour that, if justified, prove her guilty of a by no means blameless past. Adroitly, however, as the mystery of this woman's career is indicated in the playwright's preparatory scenes, it is the third act which, as usual in these comedies of intrigue, provides the grand situation and reveals the play's secret. The action is laid in the chambers of a kindly Judge, who has adopted the hero as his son, and at length, finding the lad is not to be joked out of his attachment, espouses credulously the cause of Mrs. Dane. Hence a long passage of cross-examination, in which the great lawyer questions his client—a masterly piece of stage ingenuity. The heroine's varied attitudes of self-contradiction, recovery, inadvertent admission, hysterical protest, and final sobbing confession; the Judge's alternations of mood—earnest belief, puzzled bewilderment, vague suspicion, and outraged discovery—make up a subtle duologue, most impressive in its keen fencing, its constant changes, its suppressed emotion. Here Mr. Charles Wyndham, in a part not dissimilar from his performances in "The Liars" and its successors, and Miss Luna Ashwell, an actress of abounding sympathy, who can suggest just the right note of passion for such a character as Mrs. Dane, win a wonderful popular success. The conclusion of the play is of necessity the conventional one of separation for the lovers, and its general tone reflects only too exactly the sordid materialism which is the outlook of our compromising modern society.

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE," AT THE LYCEUM.

That a theatre with such fine traditions as Henry Irving's old home should descend to the level of the Adelphi is infinitely distressing. But if we must have sorry melodrama at the Lyceum, Messrs. Latham and Hicks's new play, "For Auld Lang Syne," may just serve, when docked of superfluities. It is true the joint playwrights have travestied a theme that should have been splendidly inspiring—the war in South Africa. It is obvious they have merely redressed all the old puppets of hoary convention—foolish spendthrift, mysteriously born heroine, deep-dyed villain. It is unfortunate that their two principal characters should be preposterously treacherous Englishmen—an officer who saves his life by countenancing the assassination of his dearest friend, and a reptile Outlander who for Boer money murders unwittingly his own brother. Still, the situations thus indicated are sufficiently "thrilling," and the authors treat the episode of their hero's intoxication with some tact and delicacy. Unhappily, their last act, which might be made effective with its agony of a fratricide unable to claim a father's privileges, is dragged out interminably, and wholesale excisions are needed in the play, especially in its stupid tirades, before it can achieve even its modest ambition of providing sensational entertainment. Relieved of tedium, the playgoer may at length discover what competent acting is provided by Mr. Leonard Boyne and Miss Lily Hanbury, Mr. Abington and Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Jack Barnes and Mr. Mollison, all in suitable and characteristic rôles.

Visitors to the Congregational Union of England and Wales Autumnal Assembly at Newcastle-on-Tyne will be glad to learn that arrangements have been made with the Great Northern Railway Company for a special corridor dining-car express, at reduced fares, to leave King's Cross on Monday, Oct. 15, at 9.30 a.m., Finsbury Park 9.35, Peterborough 11.35, and Grantham 12.20, returning from Newcastle Friday, Oct. 19, at 10.12 a.m. Tickets can be obtained on application at 16, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

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THE LATE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

The Marquis of Bute, whose illness of eighteen months ago was a notice to him to be ready at any time to quit a world in which he had enormous possessions, passed quietly away in the early hours of Tuesday, Oct. 9, at his Ayrshire seat, Dunfries House, near Cumnock. Devoted to Scotland, he breathed his last breath in the air he loved. He had great wealth in Wales, where the Bute Docks had made Cardiff's fortune and his family's; and in that town, which his father's enterprise had created, and his own had developed until he was a millionaire three times over, he rebuilt his castle and decorated it on a scale not rivalled in our time, except in the palaces reared by an ill-fated monarch of Bavaria. And he served that town as Mayor, setting an example since largely followed, and based on the old Disraelian formula that it is no good for a nation to have lords unless they really lead. Those most intimately acquainted with Lord Bute's shy temperament and his love of retirement will best realise the sacrifice he made in placing his services at the disposal of the citizens. Nor was this the only instance he gave of the same sort of renunciation. He hated appearing in public, and could not overcome his reluctance to address the House of Lords, in which the friends of his youth always hoped he would make a figure; but when a Rectorial address had to be spoken at St. Andrews, or when a lecture on William Wallace was asked at his hands, or when a learned association could be got to listen to a treatise on the Language of Teneriffe, Lord Bute set aside his hesitations, and took his audience heartily, if a little heavily, in hand. His large presence was impressive, and so, in its way, was his sensitive yet uncompromising manner. He was a man of books rather than a man of affairs, yet he took his affairs very personally, and, apart from the trustees who managed much of the dock business for him in Wales, he gave an almost microscopic attention to the details of business, analysing charges, testing estimates, telling the publisher the exact tone of the paper on which his book was to be printed, and perhaps the mill at which it was to be got, the weight per ream, and the price per pound. If he had some minute economies, he had his huge generosity, his educational endowments in Scotland alone amounting to a sum not far short of a quarter of a million. Born in 1817, John Patrick Crichton Stuart succeeded

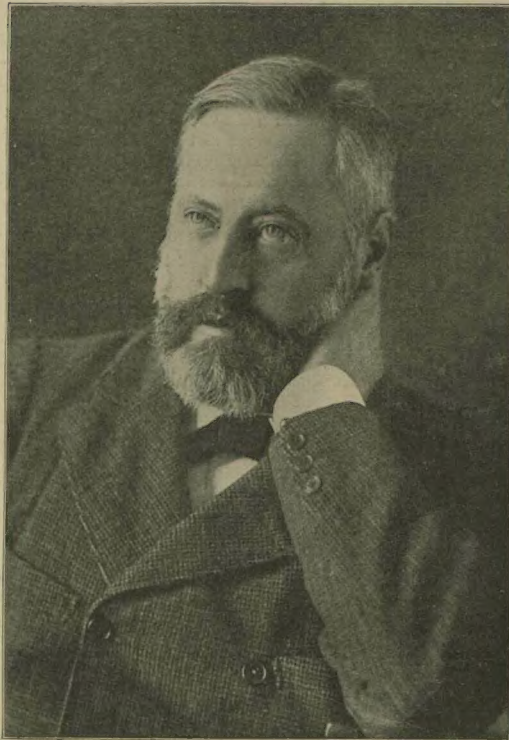


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE MARQUIS OF BUTE, K.T.

when he was only one year old to the titles and estates of his father, becoming third Marquis of Bute, Baron Crichton of Sanguhar, Viscount of Ayr, Earl of Dumfries, Lord Cumnock, Viscount Kingarth, Lord Mount Stuart, Cumbrae,

and Inchmarnock, Baron Cardiff, Earl of Windsor, Viscount Mountjoy, and the owner of over one hundred thousand acres—an area he largely increased. Lord Bute's mother was a daughter of the first Marquis of Hastings, and a sister of Lady Flora Hastings, whose name is associated with the chief tragedy of Queen Victoria's early Court. Educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, Lord Bute, as everyone knows, made a nine days' wonder in the ecclesiastical world by joining the Church of Rome, into which he was received by Monsignor Capel three months after he had attained his majority—on Christmas eve, 1868. Additional public attention was called to this episode by the publication of Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair"—a novel in which the hero is always supposed to have his prototype in Lord Bute. Only once had the sketcher and the sitter met, and the young man had given the elder one no confidences. Yet Lord Beaconsfield had imagined a good many, and truly enough; though the *cénouement* in real life was very different from that in the novel, where Lothair gladly turns his back on theological controversy, and goes out with Corisande into her garden; the sequel being that he announces his engagement by telling her mother that Corisande has given him a rose. The book was prodigiously clever and amusing, if only as a caricature; and Lord Bute, at any rate, bore no grudge against Lord Beaconsfield for the rather absurd part Lothair was made to play in its pages. In politics he was always a Conservative—with reservations.

The Marquis of Bute married in 1872 the Hon. Gwendolen Howard, eldest daughter of the first Lord Howard of Glossop, an uncle of the present Duke of Norfolk. His eldest son, the Earl of Dumfries, is now nineteen years of age, and he has two younger brothers. Their senior is their sister, Lady Margaret Stuart, who in many ways peculiarly inherits her father's capacities and tastes. Of these, the books that bear his name on their title-pages are a good index. They include "The Early Days of Sir William Wallace," "The Burning of the Bams of Ayr," translations of the Roman Breviary and of the Coptic Morning Service, "The Altus of Columba," and a Book of Prayers compiled for the use of invalids and others prevented from attending public worship on Sundays. Lord Beaconsfield once said that if he wanted to read a novel he wrote one; and this last compilation of Lord Bute's was that to which its compiler had frequent recourse during the last months of his life.



Photo. Gardner, Newcastle.

THE GENERAL ELECTION: THE DECLARATION OF THE RESULT OF THE POLL AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

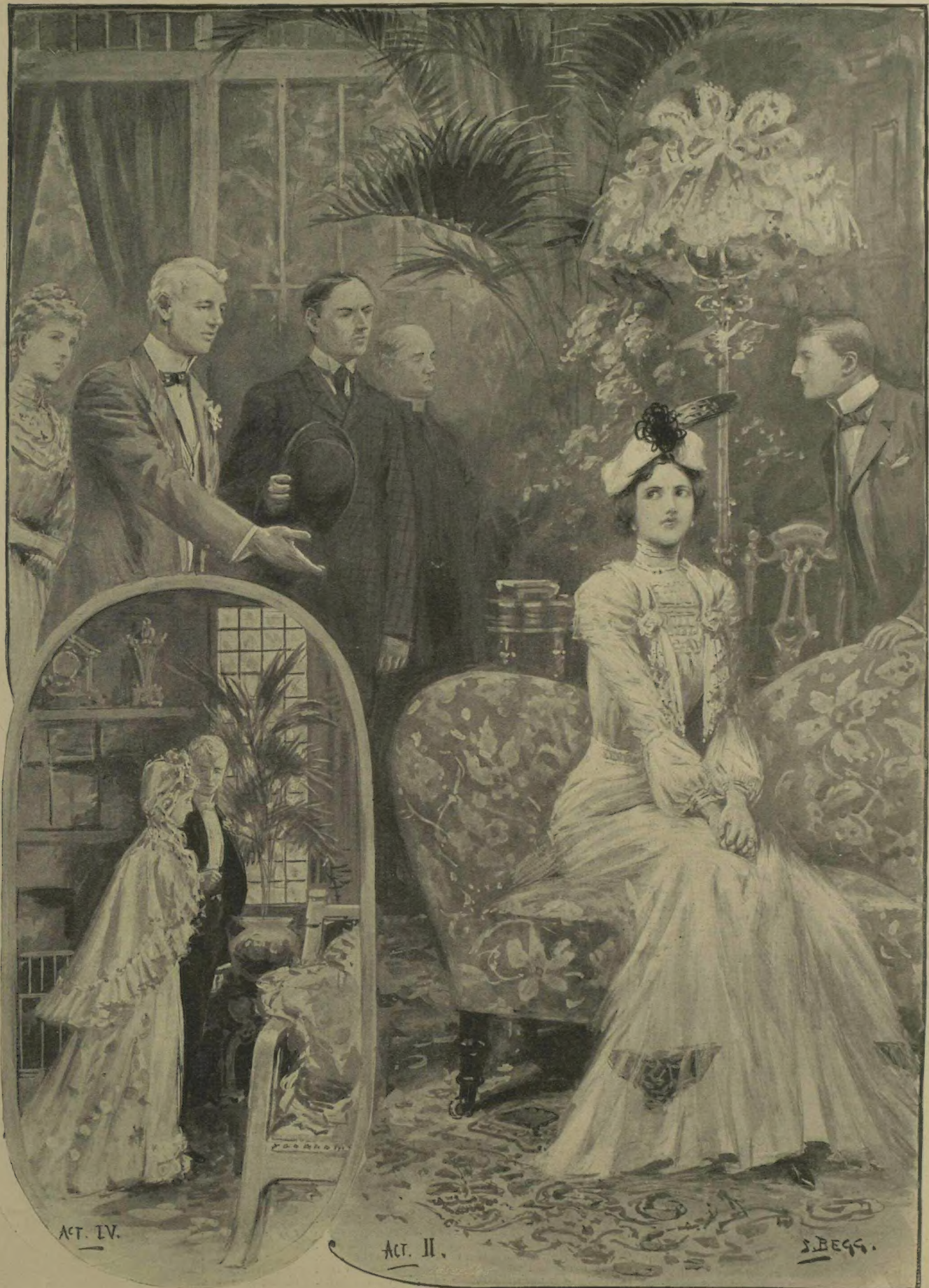
LADY EASTNEY
(Miss Mary Moore).

SIR DANIEL CARTERET
(Mr. Charles Wyndham).

FENDICK
(Mr. Stanley Pringle). CANON BOSSET
(Mr. Alfred Bishop).

MRS. DANE
(Miss Lena Ashwell).

LIONEL CARTERET
(Mr. Alfred Kendrick).



SIR DANIEL CARTERET: "Is this Miss Hindmarsh?"—ACT II.

"MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE," MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW PLAY AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Drawn by S. Begg.

PERSONAL.

Captain William Eagleson Gordon, of the Gordon Highlanders, who has just been the recipient of the



Photo. Magell.

CAPTAIN W. E. GORDON.

Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry near Krugersdorp.

Victoria Cross, had his opportunity near Lee-hoehoe, not far distant from Krugersdorp. A party of men, accompanied by Captains Younger and Allan, having drawn an artillery wagon under cover, Captain Gordon called for volunteers to perform a similar service for one of the guns. Horses were useless where the fire of the enemy was both accurate and incessant at only 850 yards' range, and the bravest man might easily have his hesitations. But Captain Gordon went out alone, and after fastening a drag-rope to the nearest gun, beckoned to the men who awaited his sign to do his bidding. Not till Captain Younger and three men were hit did Captain Gordon realise that his task was hopeless. He ordered the party to get back again to shelter, himself superintending the removal of the wounded, and was the last to leave the field of his triumphant failure.

Lord Salisbury has found time to attend a wedding this week—that of his late wife's nephew, Mr. Edward Hall Alderson, who was married on Tuesday to May, daughter of Mr. Cosmo Bonsor. Mr. Alderson is a private secretary of the Lord Chancellor.

Miss Clara Barton, who went to Galveston to nurse the sick and injured, has herself been incapacitated by serious illness.



MISS CLARA BARTON.

The Famous American Nurse.

Born in Massachusetts in 1830, she began her career as a school-teacher; but when the Civil War broke out in 1861, she went to the front to intercede with General Butler on behalf of her brother, a prisoner with the Union forces. Getting in this way into touch with the troops, Miss Barton began to supply them, on her own account and as the almoner of others who relied on her good judgment, with necessities and comforts. In the Franco-German War she worked among the wounded at Strasburg and in Paris, receiving the Prussian Order of Merit. On her return to America she helped to found the American Association of the Red Cross, and became its first President. When any accident has happened anywhere within reach, Miss Barton has always been on the spot as fast as trains could take her.

Sir Christopher Furness has had a five years' absence from Parliament, and unless the floating of a company of seven millions or so counts for nothing, he has not wasted his time. Hartlepool, which has now given him a majority of nearly 2000, had his services as its representative from 1891 to 1895.

The death of the Rev. James Porter, D.D., Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, deprives both the University and the town of a very popular personality. The son of the Rev. J. S. Porter, of Belfast, he entered Peterhouse in 1847, and graduated in the Mathematical Tripos of 1851, obtaining the position of ninth Wrangler. Another man, by the way, who graduated in that Tripos of 1851, was shortly afterwards elected to a Fellowship, and after a brief interval spent as a teacher of mathematics at Liverpool College, he returned to the University, took private pupils, became College Lecturer and then Tutor, and was a great supporter of cricket—a game which drew him to Lord's for the University match during an unbroken succession of forty years. His more serious occupations as a member of the University Financial Board and of the Council of the Senate were marked by an equal persistency of devotion. As a Commissioner of the

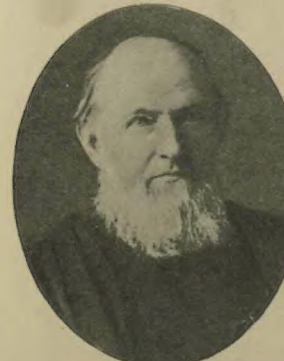


Photo. Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.

THE LATE REV. JAMES PORTER, D.D.,

Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

Board of Improvement he did signal service also to the town. He was chairman, too, of the Free Library Committee, a Justice of the Peace for the Borough, and a conservator of the river Cam. In politics, the late Master of Peterhouse was a Liberal Unionist; and he was a brother of the Irish Master of the Rolls.

There is one melancholy thing that must be said about the General Election. It has not produced a single amusing squib, or a flash of humour on any platform. Sir Wilfrid Lawson once had a reputation for humour. He had nothing funny to say at Cokermonth before or after the election. All the Parliamentary humorists are used up. There ought to be a special *plébiscite* to save the whole class from extinction.

General André has made a remarkable change in the regulations of the French army. Hitherto no officer has been allowed to marry unless he could show that the lady had a dowry of at least 25,000 francs. The object of this rule was to take care that the married officer had means to keep up "a social position." General André has decided that this is inconsistent with the principles of the Revolution. The army, he argues, must be democratic, because it represents the nation, and democracy cannot be cramped by the necessities of "social position."

Private C. Ward won his Victoria Cross at Lindley towards the end of June, when a picket of the Yorkshire



PRIVATE C. WARD.

Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Lindley.

Light Infantry was surrounded by five hundred Boers. The two British officers were wounded, and only six of their men remained fit for action, when Private Ward offered to take a message for reinforcements to the signalling-station, about 150 yards in the rear of the post. The offer was at first declined, on the ground that he was certain to be shot; but, on his insisting, he was allowed to go.

A storm of shots from each flank assailed him, but he passed on unscathed; and such was his confidence that, the message delivered, he voluntarily left safe shelter to make the return journey across the fire-swept ground, so that his commanding officer might know that assistance had been summoned. He was severely wounded this time, but the post was saved a surrender.

Mr. Kruger's silk hat has been sold in London for £25, and his pipe for £8 10s. The history of these articles is obscure. The hat is said to have been bought in London. Why is it not upon the august head at Lorenzo Marques?

Corporal J. Shaul, of the Highland Light Infantry, owes his Victoria Cross to his forgotten acts of gallantry at the battle of Magersfontein last December. He was in charge of the stretcher-bearers, and his zeal for the wounded led him time and again into positions of imminent danger. Under a continuous and heavy fire he went to one man who was lying wounded in the back, and remained beside him until he had given him all the aid in his power. Having done this heroic deed, which won him the admiration of onlookers, he got up coolly and walked to another part of the field, as if no enemies were near.



CORPORAL J. SHAUL.

Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Magersfontein.

Mr. Chamberlain is too great a strain upon the overheated brains of French journalists. One of them announces that the Colonial Secretary has vetoed the performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts" in London by a German company. The distinction between Mr. Chamberlain and the Lord Chamberlain is not grasped in France. Another venacious scribe relates how Mr. Chamberlain gave £20 in Paris for a rare orchid that he bought only to destroy, because he had one like it at home.

Prince Oukhtomsky is one of the most violent Anglophobes in Russia. He accompanied the Czar, who was then Czarevitch, in the imperial travels through the East. Of this journey he was chosen to be the official chronicler, and in the second volume of his work he makes a most indecent attack upon the British administration of India. Why the Czar permitted this stupid animosity to be introduced into the account of his visit to India it is impossible even to guess.

Among new members who were not in the last Parliament are, of course, many whom the House of Commons knew in more ancient days. Sir George Newnes, to whom Swansea has given a great majority, ends a banishment of five years from Westminster, where he sat for ten years prior to 1895. Sir Arthur Hayter returns to Parliament after a similar interval; but his memories of membership

go far back—to the days when he sat first for Wells in 1865.

Major-General John Grenfell Maxwell, to whom Lord Roberts has entrusted the large task of pacific governorship in the Transvaal, has had a rapidly distinguished career. Born forty-one years ago, and educated at Cheltenham, he became a Lieutenant in the Royal Highlanders in 1881, and, serving directly afterwards with the Black Watch in the Egyptian War, was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He served in the Nile Expedition as Staff-Captain, and with the Egyptian Field Force in 1885-86 as Aide-de-Camp to Major-General Grenfell. Already a Companion of the D.S.O., at Dongola in 1896 he was made a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, and he commanded the Egyptian Brigade at the battle of Omdurman.



Photo. Lafayette.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. G. MAXWELL,
Provisional Governor of the Transvaal.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who has made nearly a hundred and fifty speeches since the Dissolution, will make yet another, but under particularly restful conditions, on the evening of Oct. 25, when he is to be the guest of the Pall Mall Club. What makes the occasion particularly interesting is that the house in St. James's Square now occupied by the club was the town house of Mr. Winston Churchill's grandfather, and that in one of its rooms the member for Oldham's father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was born.

The Bishop of Exeter has announced his intention of resigning his see before the end of the year, on the ground of ill-health. The Right Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, who is now seventy-five years of age, was born in Islington, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the Chancellor's medal for English Poetry three years in succession, and had other academical distinctions. Before he became Dean of Gloucester he was Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead. For fifteen years he has held the see of Exeter.

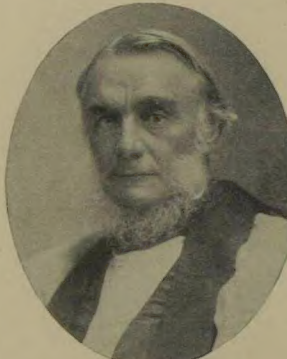


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

DR. BICKERSTETH,
Retiring from the Bishopric of Exeter.

As a writer of religious books he is well known. He has produced a Commentary on the New Testament, has edited the "Hymnal Companion," and is the author of "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever," a poem which has run through a large number of editions.

You cannot have electioneering without personalities, but why did Captain Lambton describe Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett as "a truculent Red Indian"? Captain Lambton wrote a letter to Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's opponent in Sheffield, and when Sir Ellis was returned he sent the figures of his majority to Captain Lambton. There was nothing of the tomahawk in this.

The Rev. William Cuff delivered, at the Baptist Union held in Leicester last week, the presidential address.

Nonconformity, he said, had done with apologies; and its adherents, having become free men, were determined to defend that freedom. To the Oxford Movement Mr. Cuff ascribed a good many of the ecclesiastical tendencies of the time which are the subjects of his own aversion; and the address did not conclude without a sentence favourable to Disestablishment. It must therefore disappoint Mr. Cuff to notice the back place almost invariably given to Disestablishment by Liberal candidates during the current elections.



Photo. Tuckett.

THE REV. W. CUFF,
President of the Baptist Union.

There is a body of electors in Scotland who never vote. They are the Cameronians, members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and they have made a point of abstaining from political contests since 1688. It would be interesting to have a Cameronian view of the present campaign.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

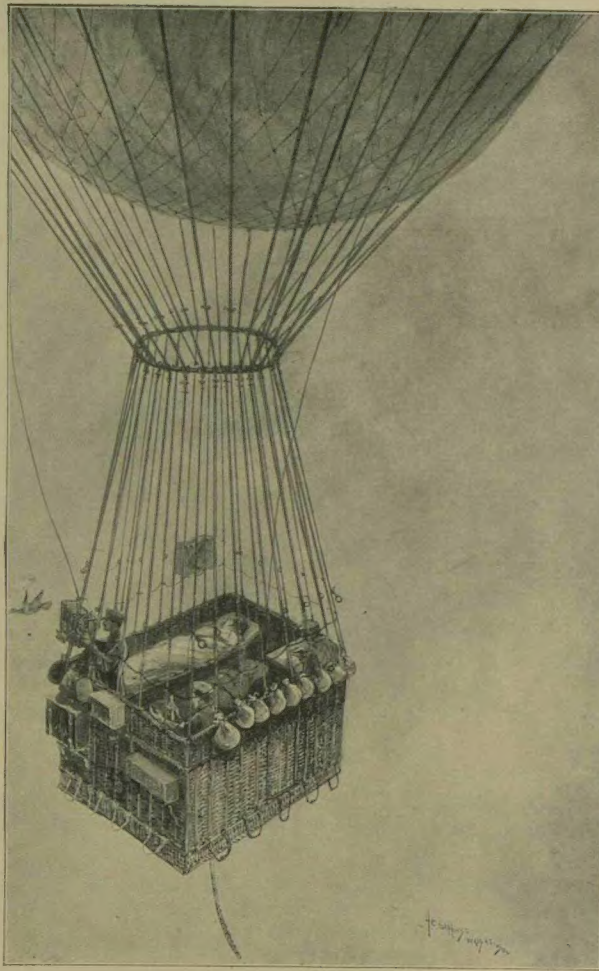
THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Everybody will sympathise with Mr. Chamberlain's expression of thankfulness that the Election is drawing to an end. The pleasures of polling soon pass, and the political club begins to feel itself too much a news-agency annexe to be quite on its dignity; and if this is the feeling at the victorious Carlton, much more is it likely to be so at the Reform, where the Liberal members of a club that is partly Unionist have to hear tidings of defeat monotonously reiterated. The man in the street has a good time, if only for an evening, whether in London, where our Artist caught him, or at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the city which yielded the one big surprise of the elections, and was taken in the act of declaring it by an enterprising snap-shottist perched on the top of the Cathedral, opposite to the Town Hall. Reading and Salisbury have done their different political duty by returning a Liberal and a Conservative who happen to be brothers—Mr. George Palmer and Mr. Walter Palmer. United in business and domestic life, they will face each other as foes across the floor of the House of Commons. From various other constituencies came the usual stories of electoral triumphs to which husbands have been helped by the ladies of their family. Mr. Fox's Duchess has her successors among dames and damsels of Primrose and other leagues—but with a difference; and the voter of to-day has been seen drawn to the poll in a bicycle-carriage that defies any clause of the Corrupt Practices Acts that bear on the hiring of vehicles or the employment of beasts of burden.

THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The banquet given at the Hotel Cecil to Lord Hopetoun on the eve of his departure brought together a gathering of notabilities unusually large and distinguished for the time and season—election time and an empty London. The Earl of Selborne presided, and seven hundred voices cheered Mr. Goschen's statement that Lord Hopetoun would be able to tell the Colonies that the British Navy had made immense progress of late, and that its captains would in future be able to enter every port without a pilot, and at a speed which would be the wonder of the world. Other politicians present were Lord Lansdowne, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Harris, Mr. Henniker Heaton, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Carrington, Lord Brassey, and Sir James Blyth. This specimen list shows that both parties were united in their send-off of the first Governor-General of Federated Australia. Lord Hopetoun, who spoke of himself with great modesty, ended his speech with the aspiration that we might live to see our Empire the great bulwark of those principles which are broadly represented by the phrase Christianity.

On the following morning Lord and Lady Hopetoun left Charing Cross amidst the good-byes of a large group of friends. In addition to the personal staff taken out by the new Governor-General, he is to have a bodyguard of Colonial troops chosen from the men who are on their way from the war. On Oct. 4 these troops paid a visit to Windsor Castle, where they had all possible privileges for its inspection, and were afterwards entertained to luncheon by the Mayor. The men in khaki, some eighty in number, included representatives of the South Australian, New



AN EXPERIMENT TO TEST THE SUSTAINING POWER OF ANDRÉE'S BALLOON.

South Wales, West Australian, Queensland, New Zealand, and Tasmanian contingents, and Roberts's, Kitchener's, Brabant's, and Lumsden's Light Horse. The Mayor, in congratulating the men, reminded them that three hundred yards from the Guildhall the Federation of the Australian Colonies had received the Royal Assent.

THE HOME-COMING OF SIR F. HODGSON.

The noise of elections and of tumults in other places has made a little quieter than it could otherwise have been Sir Frederick Hodgson's arrival in England from West Africa. His voice has hardly been heard, except only to say that the Golden Stool, as a cause of the Ashanti War, is a very bad foundation, utterly unsafe to sit upon. On board the s.s. *Fantee* the Governor is seen in our Illustration, and seen, too, are Lady Hodgson and her parasol,

particularly her parasol. Sir Frederick, who is forty-nine years of age, married in 1883 Mary Alice, daughter of the late W. A. G. Young, C.M.G., Governor of the Gold Coast.

THE INDIAN TANTALUS

(Pseudotantalus leucocephalus).

The "painted stork" is the name adopted in the text-books on Indian ornithology for this curious-looking bird, and it is also familiarly called the "pelican ibis" by sportsmen in India. The Indian subject of our Illustration, like its African cousin, *P. ibis*, frequents pieces of open water and large lakes. It is seen either alone or in flocks, searching for its food in the shallow water, or standing motionless on the shores of the lake. When in their full white plumage, with the pink on their wing-coverts and secondary quills, they are undeniably ornamental birds, but, like so many other tame and handsome birds of the East, they have been slaughtered during the past few years, with other herons and storks, to satisfy the demand for plumes in Europe and America. Like many other of the stork kind, the tantalus builds in large trees, generally in little companies.

THE DAIRY SHOW.

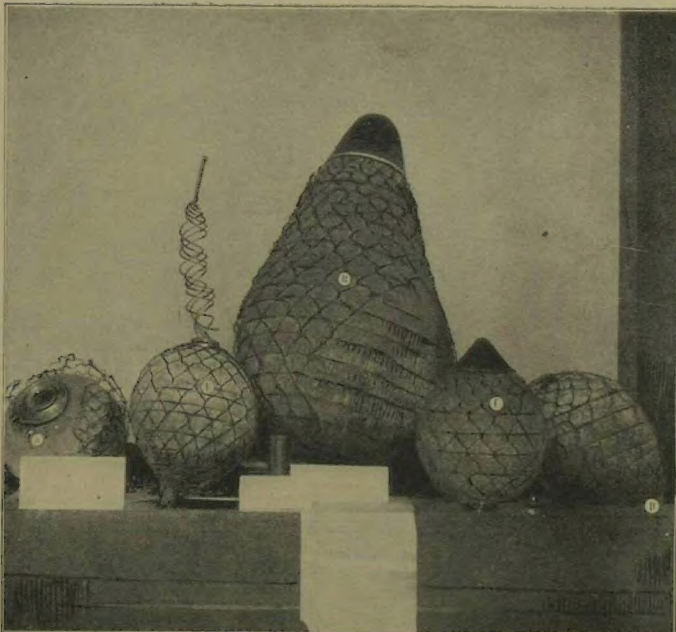
The twenty-fifth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was opened on Tuesday in the Agricultural Hall. The show of cattle is one of the best ever stalled at Islington; and the Blythswood Challenge Bowl, offered by Sir James Blyth for the best Jersey cow or heifer bred in the United Kingdom, was secured by Mr. Antony Gibbs, who has complied with the rules of the award by winning it two years in succession. In the cheese department it is worth a note that all the prizes for Cheshire cheese go not to Cheshire, but to Salop.

THE DRAGON THRONE OF CHINA.

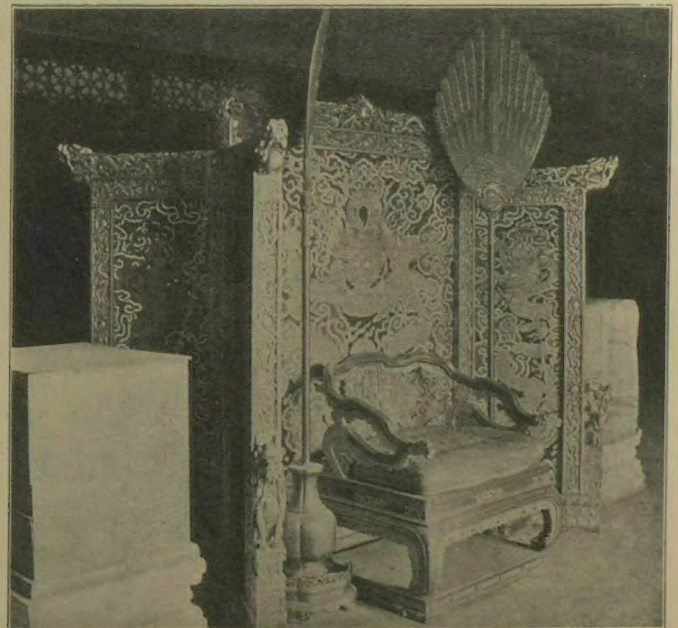
Peking is the city of the Imperial Throne of the Son of Heaven. Its seat is of carved ebony inlaid with gold, the cushion is of dark blue satin, and on either side are fans in the form of the feathers of a bird. The Dragon Throne is further flanked by large cases, containing robes of state; and behind is a great screen, with its carved dragons and other devices, all of "beautiful ugliness," and illustrating the genius of decoration that belongs to the East.

ANDRÉE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

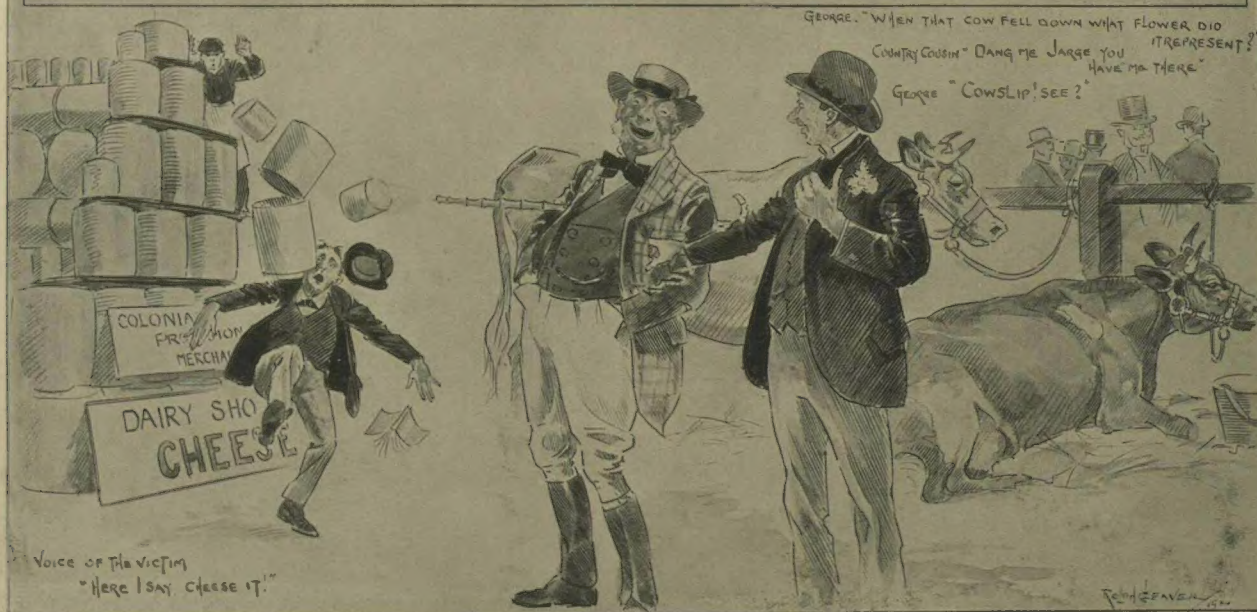
The despatch-buoys of Andrée's lost enterprise, preserved at Stockholm, and shown in our Illustration, give little tidings of his fortunes; for they were cast to earth and wind and wave in the early time, when the aeronauts were full of hope, and their friends had not begun to despair. These messages were sent at brief intervals back to the world by the man who was all too probably to see it no more; and, after the last message, silence and distance swallowed up the expedition—the men, the balloon, and the whole project of a new invasion of the Pole. Among the large army of the "missing"—those who are not returned as prisoners or slain in the battles of the race, because their end had no witnesses, and because, but for the lapse of time which persuaded us of their death, they might be living still—Andrée has a lofty place. No new hope is afforded by the experiment made some weeks ago to test the sustaining power of a balloon of 8000 cubic metres, supplied with all scientific apparatus and provisions for three weeks.



MESSAGE-BUOYS FROM ANDRÉE'S BALLOON.



THE DRAGON-THRONE, PEKING.



THE DAIRY SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Drawn by Boyd's Camera.



TRYPHENA'S WILL

by KATHARINE-S. MAC QUOID

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. FORESTIER

THERE had been a wild storm for hours. The wind had blown down with a crash more than one chimney-pot; and now, outside the Rectory, a tree lay across the road; torrents of rain so splashed and bedabbled the French windows that one could hardly see out; but there was sickness in the village, and as soon as the wind lulled Raymond started off in the teeth of the rain.

I waited till it suddenly ceased. The air felt fresh and delicious, and the sun, near its setting—it was the last day of October—peeped out, a pale gold, to greet me from a rift in the monotonous grey sky. What a havoc the storm had worked! Only yesterday I had stood fascinated by the beauty of our tall elms and beeches—russet and brown and orange, or a rich red against tawny green; and now most of this gorgeous colour lay at my feet, a sodden red-brown mass. The storm had taken all its beauty away. I raised my skirts still higher, and hurried down the road.

Beyond the Warrens, on the opposite side, stand four cottages, built two and two, with a good-sized piece of vegetable-ground between. The cottages are about fifty feet from the road. The bits of garden in front of the first and third were still bright with China asters and chrysanthemums, marigolds and snapdragons; near the wall of the first cottage was a good-sized bush of perennial sunflower, aglow with yellow balls of blossom; while the sill of the third cottage was gay with scarlet geraniums.

As I came down the road the blot of pale gold in the sky had each moment deepened, till now the rift had broadened, and the sun gleamed at me from behind the leafless tree-branches, a brilliant fiery blaze, more like to ruddy copper than to gold; the sky round it, still grey, had lost all monotony of tint: it was luminous with the fire that glowed and shone through its veil, and sent high above a warm clear light full of cheerful promise.

"Good evening, Ma'am!"

I started and brought my eyes down from this glorious sight to a tall, stout woman in a brown cotton gown, with a lilac apron, a black net cap, and a soiled white woollen shawl tied across her ample chest.

She lived in this first cottage, and she stood leaning over her garden fence.

"Good evening, Tryphena! I did not see you; I was admiring the sunset."

"Was you now, Ma'am?"

I knew at once that something was awry with Tryphena, but she seemed always happier with a grievance than without one.

"Yes, it is very beautiful," I said. In those few instants the afterglow had spread upwards, and sent long rose-coloured streamers eastward till the whole sky had become lighter than it had been for hours.

Tryphena did not look behind her; she said in a sort of growl. "Pity but what 't' adn't come a hour ago; I 'd ha' seen to finish my ironin'."

She shrugged her broad shoulders.

"Is Matthew well, and Addie?"

"Mat well? Yes, he's as usual—no great shakes to look at; but 'tis only rheumatics ails him. I'm bad

myself, Ma'am—very bad." She began to cough. "Oh dear, oh dear!" She put both hands on her chest, and groaned. "'Tis wonderful I doesn't burst a blood-vessel on my lungs, Ma'am, that it is, with this cough."

It seems useless to tell people what they are unwilling to hear. I refrained from telling Tryphena Woods that her cough proceeded from her stomach.

"Can I go in and see Matthew?"

"By all means, Ma'am. I hope you 'll bring him to a better mind. There's a disagreement atwixt us."

I went into the cottage.

Matthew Woods had been ploughman to Mr. Stenson's father; even now he followed the plough in springtime; but lately he had been too rheumatic to work regularly, and when the present squire built these new cottages he gave one of them to Woods as a reward for long and faithful service.

"Please sit still."

The wrinkled, white-haired old man had tried to rise and greet me, but he had been sitting some time, and his knees were even stiffer than usual. He gave me a kindly smile as I helped him back into his chair and sat down beside him.

"You look snug in here, Matthew."

He was in the little parlour. His arm-chair, with its old-fashioned cushioned back of dark blue ground chintz spangled with tiny red flowers, looked as quaint as he did. There was no need for fire here. Through the side window came the flame-light of the glorious sunset; it lit up the chimney-piece, with its blue chintz valance and the old cups and saucers atop of it. The object on which it concentrated its glow was a corner cupboard in scarlet lacquer with a round front and brass mounts. On the top was a neat pile of books. The rich sunlight could not reveal dust anywhere; it was difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the little room presented to the dull fireplace, dirty cloths, and unwashed plates on a table strewn with other litter in Tryphena's kitchen.

I sometimes wondered how these two, who seemed to personify Order and Disorder; had come together; yet though Tryphena was always grumbling, this was a peaceful household, and Matthew never complained of his lot. His was the finer nature of the two, and he, doubtless, suffered most in the friction caused by habits so different; perhaps in such a life the one who suffers most is likely to be most tolerant.

"Did she," he nodded towards the garden, "tell you about it, Ma'am?"

His dark blue eyes had a troubled expression, and this was unusual.

"Tryphena said there was a disagreement? Do you want to tell me about it?"

He bent his head, and I saw that the sunburnt, wrinkled face twitched with uneasiness; his lips quivered under his grey beard. Since rheumatism had crippled his hand, Matthew had left off shaving.

"'Tis about our Addie. You've heard, Ma'am, she an' Ben Clark have been keepin' company a year an' more?"

"Yes, I've seen them together."

"Well, Ma'am, no one brings nothing against the lad an' now Farmer Brown, as went out to West Australia—you mind him, Ma'am?—he has written to Ben, an' he sends the lad full instructions how to go; he wants him to go at once; an' offers him such an openin' as he 'll never find here, Ma'am."

"What a good thing for Ben! Mr. Brown has written to us each year since he left Saybourne; the Rector thinks very highly of him."

Matthew seemed heartened up; he smiled genially.

"Well, Ma'am, it's this. Ben, he was round last night, an' he wants Addie's promise to be his wife in a year or so, if so be as all turns out as good as it seems."

"You mean he wants Addie's promise to go out to him? Does your wife disapprove?"

"You've just hit it, Ma'am."

"And you side with Ben? Well, then, your wife will come round, won't she?"

His eyes looked half sad, half humorous, as he fixed them on me.

"I'm not so sure o' that, Ma'am. Females, you see, Ma'am, is different in all ways: 'tis their natur'; there's no goin' agen 'em."

"Where's Addie?"

"She's sewin', you know, Ma'am, at the Manor House, till she gets a place; I sent word for her to come down if she could. Ben's to meet her here this evenin'."

"Do you think Addie knows about his plans?"

Matthew nodded. "'Tis that as angers Tryphena, Ma'am. She says Ben Clark don't ought to tie up our gal, so young as she is, by askin' for her promise."

"What do you think about it yourself, Matthew?"

He fidgeted in his chair, and then thoughtfully rubbed his chin with his brown knobbed fingers.

"Tain't 'zackly easy to say, Ma'am," he said at last.

"I'd like to keep Addie; but, Ma'am"—he faltered a little—"the world can't go on if fathers an' mothers is to foller all their likin's. We pleased ourselves; 'tis fair the young 'uns should have their innin's. If we're prayerful, there's One as 'll order it right. Addie 'll do what's right by us, an' by Ben too, if she's given fair play." He was silent a minute. "Such wages as Farmer Brown says he 'll give, Ma'am, 'tis just a rare chance in a lad's life; an' if my gal denies him, the poor chap's heart will be near broke, he's that set on her. But, Ma'am"—his voice sank to a whisper—"Addie 'll not go agen her mother's will. She's allus been Tryphena's darling; not as it is with poor Sue."

I did not answer. I saw that he feared his wife's influence, and valued peace too much to thwart her. The elder girl, Sue, had not agreed with her mother, and had gone to service at some distance, so as to be out of the way. There seemed to me little hope that gentle, submissive Addie would be allowed by her mother to give Ben Clark the promise he wanted from her.

When I left Matthew I saw Ben and Addie coming down the road together. He was a fine honest-looking fellow, a contrast to the little slender girl. She was very

like her father. Her dark blue eyes had the same serene, far-off expression, and she had Matthew's delicate-looking face; but her hair was a rich auburn. She was a pretty, trim little creature, and I felt she would be a loss to her old father.

I nodded at them; then I heard Tryphena's voice, and I hurried on.

II.

Addie nodded to her mother as she passed into the cottage. Tryphena lurched her great bulk forward, and stood between Ben and the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Woods!" the young fellow said in answer to her gruff greeting. "I hope you're going to stand by me; I won't ask for Addie till I've made such a home for her as you'd wish her to have." Tryphena flung back her head till her three rolls of chin were fully displayed. She pushed away her cap-strings, and then, with her hand on her hip, she slowly surveyed Ben.

"Would you really, now? I call that uncommon considerate. You're sure, I s'pose, as Addie's willin' and ready to go to you whenever you beckons, Mr. Clark?"

The tilt of her chin and her voice were contemptuous. Ben fired up.

"No, Ma'am; I wish I was sure. You know better, Mrs. Woods; you know she's too good a girl to fly in the face of her parents' wishes when she's learned them. That's why I ask you to be my friend this evenin'."

As she turned to go into the cottage, Tryphena looked over her shoulder.

"That's just what I am, Ben Clark; I'm your best of friends if you only knowed it. I says to you, Go out free, like a man, an'—an' some gal out there with money to her back'll fancy you."

She stepped into the parlour, and Ben followed her. He looked flushed and eager when he saw how Addie had shrunk away behind her father's chair.

"Bless you, lad," Tryphena went on, "as soon as your back's turned, my gal'll find another sweetheart."

At this Addie pressed her lips together; a look of pain crossed her face, and she glanced reproachfully at her mother.

Matthew stretched out his hand to greet Ben, but the young fellow did not smile. He looked sheepish and disappointed. Always somewhat silent and reserved, he was depressed by this dumbness of father and daughter.

"Sit ye down, Ben," Matthew said kindly. He saw that Tryphena remained standing, her hint that the visitor had best take his leave.

"Maybe, father, he don't wish to sit," Mrs. Woods said quickly. "He's a good chap is Ben; he knows 'twill stir up strife atween us if he worries Addie to promise herself." She turned up her eyes, showing the whites of them, and went on solemnly, "I'd like to know what blessin' could be 'spected to foller a pair as had set their parents by the ears?"

Addie looked at her father, but he remained silent. Ben cleared his throat, and then said huskily—

"Mr. Woods, I don't feel as I'm doin' wrong when I ask Addie for her promise; we've known each other more'n a year, an' we've never had a difference. I don't wish to tie her, if she wants to keep her freedom; but—but" (he hurried out his words, for he saw that Tryphena was trying to interrupt) "only God knows the comfort and help it'll be to me, if I go, to feel sure this dear girl will come to me when I've made her a home."

Matthew was much moved; he rose stiffly, and put a hand on Ben's arm. "You're a good chap, an' you're—"

Tryphena pushed herself in between them, but she addressed herself to the shrinking girl in the corner.

"You listen here, Addie; I've allus been a good mother to ye, you know I've, child. 'Tis my doin' as you've

grew up straight, an' a pattern to most; an' now I says, listen to your mother, who's never crossed you; why should she be wrong, when she's allus been right? What's the good of looking at your father? What can he know about the female sex? I knows—I knows the ways of both; an' if Ben could have stayed here, an' set up with you in a few months' time, I'd have nothin' to say agen it; but Lord! this yere waitin', an' him t'other side o' the ocean, 'tain't nat'ral, an' 'tis harmful—an', what's more, I'll not give in to it, so there!"

She walked slowly into the kitchen.

Addie covered her face with her hands.

Matthew looked at her, then at Ben. The young fellow leaned against the wall behind him; his frank, sun-burnt face was very sad.

"You'd best settle it atween you, children," Matthew

Tryphena bustled back; she had seen that Matthew was out of hearing.

"Come, come, Mr. Clark! You've had your answer, and I'll not have my gal bullied. Be kind enough to walk out."

Ben stood his ground, and looked at Addie. She was crying, so that she could not see him; her face was buried in the cushioned back of Matthew's chair.

Deeply wounded, crushed, indeed, by what seemed to him want of heart in the girl he loved so dearly, Ben went out. It was a relief that he could reach the garden-gate without meeting Matthew.

III.

The day after the storm was clear and full of warm sunshine. In the afternoon I went past the cottage with

the scarlet geranium-blossoms. They glowed, and made a bright border on the Masons' window-sill.

Adelaide Mason and her sister Virginia were the capable and respectable sempstresses of Saybourne; they could skilfully accomplish all kinds of needlework from a rustic bride's outfit to a set of baby-clothes. Nothing came amiss to them that scissors, needle, and thread could do. They were poor, but they ranked themselves above the other villagers, and associated only with the schoolmistress, a farmer's wife or two, and the lady's maid at the Manor House.

I heard voices as I passed the cottage, and certainly one of them did not belong to either Virginia or Adelaide.

Tall, slender Adelaide put down the black sleeve she was sewing at; her small, observing eyes were fixed on Addie Woods, her godchild, who sat on a little mahogany stool beside her. Red-haired, red-faced Virginia had been comely in her time; she went on stitching, now and then nodding or shaking her head, as the talk between Addie and her godmother seemed to require it. Virginia was not, people said, as "genteel" as her sister was, but then, "you see, she has more heart."

"And so Ben Clark is really going?" Adelaide looked down at the girl's flushed face. "Shall you not see him again?"

"What's the use?" Virginia asked sharply. "I hate Good-byes, Addie, they're heart-breaking for everyone."

An exclamation made her look up at her sister.

"Would you believe it, Virginia, I've actually finished the last spool of black sewing-silk, and I promised this frock for to-morrow!"

"Don't bother over it. I want to stretch my legs; I'll go down to Polly Morton's for you."

Virginia's rosy face was hardly out of sight, when Adelaide stretched out her thin long-fingered hand and gently raised the soft round chin that almost touched her knee.

Addie had thrown off her little sailor-hat, and her soft auburn hair shone in the sun's glow as much as the geraniums did.

"What did Ben say, and what did you answer, child?"

Addie looked up in wonder. Why should a staid old maid like Miss Mason want to know her love-story? Her mother looked up to Miss Mason, but she called her an old maid. Tryphena had bid the girl go in and talk to her godmother, feeling sure she would get prudent advice; for the kindhearted housekeeper at the Manor House had given Addie a couple of days' leave from work. The girl was fond of her godmother, but she was shy with her; till now, she had kept her love-story to herself.

Adelaide's sleeve had slipped back, and had left bare a skinny arm on which dull purple veins showed among sundry knots, which seemed to strain the skin still closer to the prominent bone. The girl gave a little shiver at the unlovely sight. Miss Mason was too old, she thought, to



She pushed away her cap-strings, and then, with her hand on her hip, she slowly surveyed Ben.

rose again from his chair and hobbled out into the garden. Ben crossed over to Addie, and gently pulled her hands from her face. He saw that she was crying, and he bent down to kiss her. Addie drew back.

"No, Ben"—her voice had a sob in it—"I can't say it; I can't go against mother."

He tried to put his arm round her, but she shrank still farther away.

"Don't say that, there's a dear, say you'll come in a year's time. It sha'n't be longer, my girl."

"I can't promise, Ben, indeed I can't. Oh, why won't you be patient and let me think; I've got to think of father and mother, and you—and—"

"You put me last." He spoke roughly in his despair.

"You'll think, an' you'll listen to your mother, for you love her best, an' you'll deny me, for you don't love me—you can't love me," he went on passionately. "or you'd not let me go without a word of hope! You'll—"

understand her trouble. And then, as she looked up at the thin white face, she saw the small eyes fill with tender sympathy. Moved out of herself, Addie hid her face on the sempstress's black gown and sobbed out her story. She finished—

"He said I did not love him."

"Was he right, child?"

"Oh, Miss Mason! You know I care for Ben!"

Adelaide sighed. It was such a heavy sigh that Addie looked up. She wondered if her godmother was in pain.

"A girl may think she cares for a man and not truly love him, child. If that's your case, why then, you have done wisely. Your liking would not stand the test of a year's separation."

Addie hung her head, but she was not crying. Ever since last night she had unconsciously obeyed her lover;

she had gone on thinking till she could no longer bear the certainty of misery her thoughts had revealed. She saw clearly that hers was no mere liking, no impulsive feeling, to be affected by the presence or absence of her lover. From the depth of her soul rose the pitiful cry: Why had she not known it, why had she not felt before she refused to promise that with all her heart and with all her strength she loved Ben Clark? She sat still, looking as quiet and timid as usual; but as she raised her eyes, Adelaide was startled by the glance that met hers. She told Virginia later in the day it was like blue lightning.

"Mine's not liking, godmother, I love him; I cannot be happy when he's gone."

Miss Mason's work slipped to the floor; she did not stoop to raise it. Bending down, she kissed the girl with eager, trembling lips.

"Tell him so, child, tell him, even if you have to seek him out to-night. You must, you shall see him before he goes away. Listen, child, there have been those who— who had a man's heart-love, and to please a mother's fancy let it go; found too late they had hearts of their own. God help them! True love doesn't die; years of suffering will not kill it: it clings round the heart."

There was silence. Addie's gaze was fixed on her companion. It seemed to her that she sat beside a stranger. Her godmother's eyes had opened—they were surely larger and darker than the girl had ever seen them; a soft colour tinged the pale thin cheeks, and the bosom rose and fell with panting breath.

Shuffling feet on the pathway.

Adelaide sat up in her chair. In an instant she was as impassive as before; the tinge of colour faded, the tired lids drooped over her eyes. She stooped to pick up her work.

The girl rose to go. It seemed to her that unawares she had stumbled on a secret.

"Stay a moment, child; Virginia's gone round to the back. I'll help you all I can, Addie, but your guide now is Ben; think of him, think of all he gives up in going away, and make him as happy as you can."

Virginia came in. "Here's your silk." She seemed put out—a rare event with the even-tempered soul. "You're losing your memory, Adelaide. As soon as I asked for the silk, Polly sniggered. 'You have a mort o' black work, Miss Mason,' she says, 'twas but Wednesday I sold your sister a double reel o' silk.' Why, Lord save us! there 'tis behind you."

"Dear, dear! only to think!" the elder sister said, as she looked where Virginia pointed. "My eyes are tired. I'll go down to the gate with Addie just to freshen me up."

Virginia's wrath was appeased.

"Yes, go," she said; "you've been working long hours this week."

The elder woman and the girl walked down in silence to the gate. They said Good-bye, and then:

"Child," Adelaide said, "be brave and patient; a year will not seem long when you have Ben's letters to count on. If you are true to yourself, he will be true to you; but you must give your promise; he can't put trust in you unless he's sure of you. God speed you, child." She paused, then added, "Tell your mother afterwards, and remind her that you have to be in service, and so you must leave home."

Addie summoned up her courage; something had broken through the shyness which so often kept her silent with her godmother.

She looked up at the thin withered face; she could never forget the light that had just now glorified it.

"Thank you ever so much, dear godmother, you've been a great help to me. I'm going to find him." She put up her face to be kissed, and hurried away. She

For a moment panting, blushing Addie stood at the gate; then she looked lovingly into Tryphena's eyes.

"Yes, mother, yes; I'm going to give Ben my promise."

The woman recoiled and loosed her hold. In a moment she recovered, and made a clutch at her daughter, but Addie was out of reach.

"You'll not dare to go agen my will, Addie; mind you, a wilful child is its own destruction. I've willed as you shan't give him your promise; an' what I wills I wills, and what I wills I sticks to."

"Mother, dear"—the girl flung herself on Tryphena's bosom and clasped her arms round the full throat—"would you have given up father to please grandmother or anyone else?"

Tryphena struggled to free herself.

"Tain't the father," she said loftily. "I'm as different as chalk an' cheese. You're not me, and you ain't gon' to even Ben to father, I 'ope."

Addie kissed her again, and laughed out. The sudden change from despair to hope had set the girl beside herself.

"Ah, mother, I know—I know you'd never have given up father, you were too faithful. Come, now, you wouldn't like me to be unfaithful. I'm going to Ben. I'm glad you should know first, and you can't be angry with me, dear; you've always been good to me, and you'll go on with it."

"Yes, I know you'll wish me to be faithful, dear," Addie turned as she spoke, and hurried back by the way she had come.

"I'm reglar took off my feet," cried Tryphena. "I'd as soon have 'spected Mat to take his own way. The Lord deliver us from wilfulness; 'tis a awful sin. Heaven only knows wherever the child could ha' learned it. My mercy! 'tis all beyond me."

Just below the Warrens I met Addie, rosy-faced and breathless with haste. She stopped me to ask whether I had seen Ben Clark in the village. I have a warm sympathy with all true lovers, and I was deeply interested in Ben and Addie.

"Yes, Addie, I saw him just now; he was asking if he should cut me down bracken for the trees against which he went up to the Camp."

She thanked me. She looked very happy, yet her eyes were swollen and red. She was soon out of sight on her way to the Camp.

I half feared that Ben might have gone to the waste, across the high-road, and that the girl would miss him.

Addie reached the knoll and looked round

her. Some yards away a man was lying under the fringe of oak-trees. At first she was frightened, for he might have been a tramp. But love is a sure guide: her heart beat so fast she could hardly speak.

"Ben," she said softly.

Ben sprang up; in a moment he had her in his arms.

"Forgive me," she whispered; "I am yours when you ask for me, dear."

THE END.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has received four prizes at Paris for the Arab horses sent to the Exhibition from the stables at Crabbet. Governments which nominated the jury were not supposed to enter the competition; but the Sultan was virtually the owner of sixteen of the horses against which the English-bred Arabs had to compete. One of the Crabbet stud was sold in Paris for four hundred guineas.



"What did Ben say, and what did you answer, child?"

hardly thought where she was going, except that just then she could not face her mother.

The dressmaker turned from the gate; there was mist before her eyes as she went up the garden.

Some months later, when Adelaide Mason lay on her death-bed, she told me the part she had taken in her goddaughter's love-story.

IV.

Addie's way was suddenly blocked. Her mother stood in the middle of the road with outstretched arms, as though she feared the girl would pass her by.

"Hey! What's this haste about?"

In an instant she had truly read the meaning of the flushed face, the love-fraught eyes, the excited happiness that thrilled the girl from head to foot. "Don't tell me you're goin' to seek for Ben? No, not if I knows it!" She took firm hold of the girl's arms.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WHO DID NOT SIT IN THE LAST PARLIAMENT.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
R. J. C. DIMSDALL (C.), CITY OF LONDON.
Unopposed.



Photo, Russell and Sons.
MR. G. PARKER (C.), GRAVESEND.
Majority 738.



Photo, Russell and Sons.
MR. H. LUCAS (C.), PORTSMOUTH.
Majority 601.



Photo, Brown, Barnes and Bell.
MR. S. W. HIGGINBOTTOM (C.),
LIVERPOOL, WEST DERBY.
Unopposed.



Photo, Russell and Sons.
SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BT. (L.),
SWANSEA TOWN.
Majority 1113.



Photo, K. Maciver.
COL. R. ROPNER (C.), STOCKTON-ON-TEES.
Majority 320.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
MR. H. NORMAN (L.), S. WOLVERHAMPTON.
Majority 169.



Photo, W. A. Thomas.
MR. FREEMAN-THOMAS (L.), HASTINGS.
Majority 208.



Photo, S. J. Parker.
MR. F. L. HARRIS (C.), TYNEMOUTH.
Majority 407.



Photo, Russell and Sons.
HON. C. J. HAY (C.), SHOREDITCH, HOKTON.
Majority 271.



Photo, Lancelotti.
SIR T. ROE (L.), DERBY.
Majority 528.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR J. ROLLESTON (C.), LEICESTER.
Majority 538.



Photo, Russell and Sons.
COL. THE HON. H. LYTTON (C.),
ST. GEORGE'S, BANWELL SQUARE.
Majority 201.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
MAJOR W. E. EVANS-GORDON (C.),
TOWER HAMLETS, STEPNEY.
Majority 1045.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR A. HAYTER, BT. (L.), WALSALL.
Majority 325.



Photo, W. H. Lewis.
MR. J. A. SMITH (C.), MIDDLEBROUGH.
Majority 60.



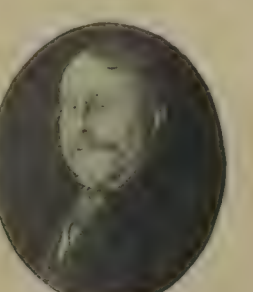
Photo, Russell and Sons.
MR. J. H. A. MACDONALD (C.), PORTSMOUTH.
Majority 601.



Photo, Mayall and Co.
CAPT. J. HOWARD (C.), KENT, FAVERSHAM.
Unopposed.



Photo, Gillman and Co.
MR. J. S. ARKWRIGHT (C.), HEREFORD.
Unopposed.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
MR. F. HORNER (C.), S. LAMBETH.
Majority 882.



Photo, Bradbury and Young.
MR. F. J. MACNAMARA (L.), S. CAMBERWELL.
Majority 1335.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
COL. W. G. WEBB (C.), STAFFORDSHIRE,
KINGSWINFORD.
Unopposed.



Photo, Brown.
COL. W. HALL WALKER (C.),
LANCASHIRE, WIDNES.
Majority 2634.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR C. FURNESS, BT. (L.), HARTLEPOOL.
Majority 1879.



Photo, Lancelotti and Sons.
MR. W. J. BULL (C.), HAMMERSMITH.
Majority 322.

T H E G E N E R A L E L E C T I O N .



POSTING THE LATEST RESULTS.

T H E G E N E R A L E L E C T I O N .



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Drawn by Hal Hunt.

T H E T R A N S V A A L W A R .



REPLENISHING THE LARDER.

Drawn by Milton Prior.



WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE: A RECONNAISSANCE IN THE KOMATI VALLEY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Frank Stewart.

THE FIRE AT WELBECK ABBEY.

Photographs by Sherwood Photographic Co., Mansfield.

THE DRESSING-ROOM OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND



THE NURSERY.

In the early hours of Friday, Oct. 5, a fire broke out at Welbeck Abbey. Though the Duke and Duchess of Portland were absent, their three children were in the apartments nearest to the fire—the Oxford Wing, the destruction of which involves, happily, no loss of life, though material damage to the extent of some £40,000. A night-watchman, going his rounds, saw a light in a room on the first floor adjacent to the night nursery, and immediately raised the alarm. The groom of the chambers was at once on the spot, and in the nick of time the sleeping children were roused—the Marquess of Titchfield, aged eight, Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, aged ten, and Lord Mervyn Cavendish-Bentinck, an infant of two months. Another official of Welbeck who tried a little later to approach the room was overcome by the smoke, and had himself to be rescued. The fire is supposed to have broken out in the room of a lady's maid absent with the Duchess in Scotland, so that its origin is not clear.

Welbeck Abbey is a fine old house, built in the reign of Henry VIII. It is entirely cut off from fire, if man's contrivances ever could achieve that immunity. It is supplied as no other great house in England is by subterranean passages and apartments, excavated at the cost of many hundreds of thousands of pounds by the late Duke, who frequently employed at once an army of fifteen hundred men. Visitors to "the Dukeries" know the glories and the mysteries of this great domain. A mile distant from its door Lord George Bentinck, fifty-two years ago, fell dead, while he was walking over to Thoresby to visit his friend,

Lord Manserv. Many other memories come to mind, including the visit of the Prince of Wales to Welbeck, where the above bed-room he occupied is now gutted. The Gothic Hall, with its famous ceiling, was in the

been hung in anticipation of her speedy return was destroyed. Happily, there is a private fire-brigade at Welbeck. From Worksop, too, and Sheffield came aid: the Sheffield men, refusing

a special train, trusted to their horses and traversed the twenty-two miles by road. Sixteen or eighteen jets of water were poured simultaneously upon the burning building, the water-supply being of the best, thanks to an elaborate system of tanks and the near neighbourhood of the lake. Paintings and china were carried into the open; so was a Chippendale bedstead, which had to be chopped in two to get it out of a window, each half being worth £1000. The exquisite decorations of the rooms have been ruined; and when the firemen could put their hoses aside, which they were able to do at late breakfast-time, the rooms were flooded to the depth of several inches, in the whirl of which a variety of articles, including the children's toys, floated aimlessly about. Altogether the Duke and Duchess of Portland have to lament the destruction of thirty rooms in their historic country home.

The Duke of Portland, who left Scotland as soon as he heard of the fire, and whose children had already been safely removed to the town house of their parents in Grosvenor Square, reached Welbeck on Monday. Among his many offices of rank, the Duke holds the Mastership of the Horse in the Royal

Household. He was born in 1857, and eleven years ago he married Winifred, daughter of Mr. Thomas Yorke Dallas-Yorke. He owns nearly 200,000 acres, and, in addition to his English seat at Welbeck, has three seats in Scotland.



VIEW OF THE ROOF AFTER THE FIRE

Oxford Wing, the part attacked by the flames; and—a modern instance which sometimes comes nearer home than a far greater example of ancient loss—the new silk tapestry with which the Duchess's boudoir had



THE MAID'S ROOM WHERE THE FIRE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE STARTED.



THE ROOM FROM WHICH THE CHILDREN WERE RESCUED.

THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

A church in war-time is always apt to be commandeered—to become a church militant indeed. In past days the conjunction had open admission, and a church was built fortress-like against emergencies. After Norman Gothic; but even brittle Gothic has had to face cannon, and in our own time many a French church has heard the hoofs of horses on its pavements. The temples of China could not hope to evade a service of man which only fanatics could regard as desecration. In Tientsin, for instance, the American troops had their headquarters within walls dedicated to worship. The place might not be wholly suited to military purposes; but our illustration shows it to possess at least a good wall of defence. A Russian battery on the Pei-ho River is also the subject of a drawing; and other heavy loads, this time consisting of the staff of life, are to be seen in the view of a Russian wagon-camp at Tongku. The photographer has caught them at the right moment—so right a moment that the wagons might seem almost to be specially loaded for him. At any rate, the baker has not been caught white-handed, with his arms imbrued in flour, but has given as deliberated a sitting as times of peace afford.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The break-down of the Bishop of London is, I am glad to learn, of a temporary and partial nature. He has overstrained his nervous system by a year of incessant engagements, and has been advised to prolong his holiday. With care there is every reason to hope that he may resume work in a few weeks.

The Bishop of Stepney is undertaking some of Dr. Creighton's duties, including the October ordination at



THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: A TEMPLE IN TIENTSIN USED BY THE AMERICAN TROOPS AS THEIR HEADQUARTERS.



A RUSSIAN BATTERY ON THE PEI-HO RIVER.

St. Paul's. He is preaching on Sunday afternoons at the Cathedral, and the size of the congregations would seem to suggest that many strangers are still in London on their way home from the Paris Exhibition.

The Bishop of Liverpool has secured the house next the Palace as a hostel, and hopes next year to have six graduates studying there for the ministry under a Vice-Principal. He is planning to build a chapel and sixteen dormitories, specially intended for the reception of candidates for ordination. In all directions his energetic initiative is apparent.

Preparations are far advanced for the United Mission of the Free Churches, which will be held in January. One prominent London minister who holds aloof is the Rev. Archibald Brown, of West Norwood. His anxiety to "avoid any appearance of compromise" shows that the ashes of the unhappy Down-Grade controversy are still smouldering. The fact that the speakers at Spurgeon's Tabernacle last month were selected from a comparatively narrow circle points in the same direction.

"Peter Lombard," of the *Church Times*, returned from Buxton to attend the funeral of Prebendary Harry Jones at Pakenham. He pays a touching tribute to the memory of his friend. "Those who knew him will not forget his large generous heart, his happy wit, and love of fun, as well as his depth of earnest piety and his unfailing sympathy with the bereaved, the suffering, and the anxious."

The Bishop of Newcastle, after the heavy labours of the Church Congress, is taking a short holiday in Scotland.

The resignation of the Bishop of Exeter at the age of seventy-five has caused much regret, but was not unexpected in his diocese. The Bishop has been conscious for some time of failing strength, and his doctor has advised him to give up work before the winter. It is satisfactory to learn that he is suffering from no organic disease, and

that his physician thinks he may for years carry on his literary work. Dr. Bickersteth is a Hampshire man. His father, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, was Rector of Watton. Perhaps the busiest and happiest days of the Bishop's life were those he spent in London between 1855 and 1885, when he was Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead.

The Rev. A. Spencer, Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Primrose Hill, has announced that he will retire at Christmas. He is one of the most active High Churchmen in London, and the service at St. Mary's compares in elaborate ritual with that at St. Augustine's, Kilburn, or St. Alban's, Holborn. Mr. Spencer thinks the time has come when he should resign in favour of a younger man, while he himself will seek a lighter post in the country.

The lengthy reports of the Church Congress which appeared in last week's *Guardian* and *Church Times* looked singularly belated amid the rush and hurry of the General Election. There is one story of the Queen which will be remembered when the sermons and speeches are forgotten. It was told by Professor Bevan, who heard it from the Dean of Windsor. The Dean went to see a kitchenmaid at Windsor Castle who was suffering from influenza. Her room was at the top of the house, and was reached by long staircases. The moment the Dean entered the patient said, "Oh, Sir, what do you think? Her Majesty has been to see me!" This only happened a few months ago, and when the Queen came into the room she said, "My dear, I have got up here, but it was hard work for me, and I sat down on the stairs." Coming from the Dean of Windsor, this charming little story may be accepted as authentic, and it is not the least touching incident of this memorable year in her Majesty's life. V.



A RUSSIAN WAGON-CAMP AT TONGKU.

Photographs supplied by a Correspondent.



THE ALLIES IN CHINA: GERMAN TROOPS CHEERING A CHARGE BY THE BENGAL LANCERS.

From the Painting by R. Caton Woodville.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Roman Art: Some of its Principles, and their Application. By Arthur Strong, LL.D. With Illustrations. (London: William Heinemann. New York: The Macmillan Company. 26s. net.)

Social and Imperial Life of Britain. Vol. I. War and Empire. By Konrad D. Cotes. (London: Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

Painting Master of the Nineteenth Century. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

Painting Master of the Nineteenth Century. With Biographical Notes. Edited by Max Rosson. Translated by F. Knowles. With Six Etchings by Ph. Zolken, Six Photogravure Plates, and 250 other Illustrations. (London: Sampson Low. 42s.)

A Short History of China. By Demetrius Charles Boulger. New Edition. (London: Collins. 7s. 6d.)

Sons of the Morning. By Ellen Philpotts. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

Antiquity—which means Greece and earlier Rome—has had expert students of its several periods; so has modern art, from its awakening under the chisel of Nicolo Pisano and the pencil of Cimabue and Matteo da Siena, to the art of the intermediate ages, so long called the dark, has had few exclusively artistic historians and analysts. The pictures of the catacomb and the mosaics of the basilica have, indeed, been much read, as a book is read, for the all-important story they have to tell, but little studied as a link, vital and indispensable, in the continuous procession of the linear and chromatic arts of man in Europe. These traces and vestiges of a period of artistic transition have been despised in technical history; and Professor Wickhoff, in his splendid volume, fills the gap in artistic learning. His subject is, in particular, the Imperial art—that is, art in Rome from the time of Augustus to that of Constantine—its phases of style and the manner of derivation that produced Early Christian art as we find it working under the inspiration of the Church, then rising, and of the Empire, then declining. Professor Wickhoff, going back to the origin of Christian art, and implying in this the origin of all the art we call modern—that of the second civilisation, which came into activity in the nineteenth century—advocates the originality of Rome against the claim so often urged on behalf of the remoter Greece. He will have Roman art to be essentially Roman. That Greek and Roman work met and were fused in the style which he terms "Augustan," he allows; but the Roman hand and spirit freed and asserted themselves, and in the Imperial age that he has chosen to illustrate they prevailed, and prevailed finally and indelibly. He is bent upon ridding the minds of students of what may be called the Byzantine preoccupation, preferring to search the soil itself for the auto-natal history of what that soil—the soil of Italy—was to bring forth. We reproduce one of the two most excellent examples of mingled Greek and Roman art—one of the well-heads (now at Vienna) executed by Greek artists in Rome, somewhat before the great reassertion of Roman character. Professor Wickhoff's work is of the utmost value, and it has been placed in the hands of a thoroughly learned translator.

Mr. Cotes seems to aspire to do for the British Empire what Mr. Herbert Spencer intended to do for the universe: to boil it down, as it were, pack it into symmetrical jam-pots, label these carefully, and arrange them on shelves. The present volume, consisting of nearly 700 pages, is a first instalment. Mr. Cotes has written a book full of interesting things; his reading is evidently wide, and he thinks for himself. But the book is ill-arranged, and the reader finds that he has absorbed many isolated facts which were unknown to him, but that as regards a philosophy of the British Empire, he is, at the end of it all, as helpless as the average Cabinet Minister. Mr. Cotes maintains with spirit the thesis that success in war is indissolubly linked with progress. He detests the Carlylean system of Heroes, and apparently believes that everything in the world's history might have been done by somebody else. The most interesting feature in the volume is the careful study of those Vikings who have contributed far more than most of us suppose to the formation of the English, Scottish, and Irish nations. Mr. Cotes is instructive on the history of the art of war and the development of weapons; but we find in his pages no pregnant aphorisms such as Wendell Holmes's remark that the nation which shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries. The book is really monumental, and we would pay a tribute to the industry and sincerity which have inspired it. But the author confesses that his task is too great. If we must criticise, we would remind him of Sir Henry Maine's saying that most writers on political philosophy produced work which was only very partially sound because they quite ignored Asia. Mr. Cotes knows a great deal about mediæval Europe, about sea-power, and many other things; but we have found no evidence that he has realised how impossible it is to write with any finality except after a close study of India and the East. We British are a small fraction of the subjects of the Queen-Empress.

Mr. Arthur Morrison's new story is a romance of a little village near the mouth of the Thames at the time of

the Crimean War. That conflict throws a dim shadow over the book, but the main interest lies in a tale of witchcraft, of the sorcery that a great many English peasants believed in as late as 1854, and are by no means incredulous of even now. Wesley said that if we gave up the belief in witchcraft we must give up the Bible; and there are parts of England where the Bible has not so strong a hold upon the popular imagination as the most cruel and stupid of all the superstitions that have afflicted mankind. Mr. Morrison's



WELL-HEAD A WELL-HEAD NOW AT VIENNA

Reproduced from "Roman Art: Some of its Principles, and their Application to Early Christian Painting," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

story is of the simplest, but it is told with admirable art. Witchcraft is spiced with smuggling, and yet we have no conventional tale of the smuggler who has faded into the limbo of old-fashioned fiction. It is a picture of rural character and manners rather than a novel that Mr. Morrison has given us, and the effect is singularly happy. We should like to see him employ his fine talent of observation on a larger canvas; but it is always welcome, whatever may be the scope of its employment.

The illustrations, which are most attractive, and reproduce specimens of a peculiarly fresh and delicate art—the modern landscape art, especially, of Holland—make of



"LOVE-MAKING."—FROM THE PICTURE BY DAVID ADOLPHE CONSTANT ARTZ.

Reproduced from "Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century," by permission of Messrs. Sampson Low.

"Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century" a beautiful volume. The biographical notices are, even beyond the custom of biographical notices generally, amiable and popular, rather than distinguished; and a glance shows certain little additional weaknesses of translation according ill with the aspect of a page that print, paper, and etching make splendid. It is true that to write biographies of the living, in connexion with their lent works and communicated facts, and to do so without sickness, is no easy matter. Nevertheless, the painters of modern Holland are of such eminence—painters who seem to have the life and movement of northern sea, light sand, and flying cloud in their cool and animated landscapes—that we might have wished their praises to be written with somewhat more measure and dignity. It is a pleasure to have these reminders of pictures that have so much spirit, and a characteristic colour of soil and climate that the

reader bears in mind. Needless to say, the countrymen of Israel are also students of the captured shadows and lights of the interior, and the Dutch cottage gives the subject of many a page. Our reproduction is of "Love-Making," a sun-bright picture by David Artz, who, more properly than some others, is a painter of the nineteenth century, his life and work having been completed before the end of the age that gives this fine volume its name.

Mr. Boulger's "short" history, which runs to nearly four hundred pages of close print, has been reissued with an additional chapter on the last decade by another hand. It is a book of the kind which journalists should be made to read, for then we should not hear of the crippled feet of the Empress-Dowager, The Manchus and the lower ranks of Chinese do not bind the feet of their women—*pace* the daily Press. But as daily journalists are too busy to read anything, it is to be hoped that the general public (by which term we all mean our neighbours rather than ourselves) will welcome the reissue of a book which imparts a maximum of information with a minimum of dullness. It is quite worth while to learn that Singan was the capital of China twenty-five centuries ago, and to enter into the career of that admirable Emperor Hwang-ti, who caused all books to be burned, and ought to be canonised as the patron saint of reviewers. It is even more interesting to study the record of an Empress-Dowager who poisoned her relatives with impartiality in the seventh century of our era, and was mobbed to death by the ghosts of her victims. Half the book, however, is occupied by the story of European relations with China, and this story is of practical importance to-day. It is curious to see that the Taipings lost their best chance of success by quarrelling with the Secret Societies, and the fact may throw light on the patronage given by the Chinese Government to the Boxers. Mr. Boulger incidentally exposes the nonsense talked by Mr. Justin McCarthy and others about the affair of the *Lorch Arrow*. But would any diplomatist endorse his verdict that the Tsungli-Yamen "has very fully answered all the expectations formed of it"?

Mr. Philpotts has written a Devonshire novel that will remind many of his readers of some famous romances of Wessex. There is a clear affinity between "Sons of the Morning" and "Far From the Madding Crowd." It is a real affinity, not the mere homage of the copyist. Like Bathsheba Everdeen, Honor Endicott is a farmer. She has not so many woees as Bathsheba, but she is beloved by a serious man, very much of the Boldwood type, and by a light-hearted, whimsical rival, who, although fundamentally by no means like Sergeant Troy, is often very suggestive of that *debonnaire* soldier. Moreover, Mr. Philpotts has his chorus of peasants, all of them drawn with the utmost care. They are not, on the whole, as entertaining as Mr. Hardy's peasants, but they are very keenly and freshly observed, and their humour is often irresistible. One of Honor's lovers is given out to be dead, and a coffin purporting to contain his body comes from Australia, and is duly interred. This death is believed in the village to have been brought about by a local sorceress for the sum of ten shillings; but when the coffin is opened for an illicit purpose by the villager who had wished the dead man most ill, it is found to contain a total stranger. The sorceress loses her character and custom, and takes the commonplace journey to the poorhouse. Honor's predicament is that she loves both her suitors too well to choose either, so one effaces himself by pretending to be dead. She marries Myles and then Christopher reappears. She establishes a Platonic friendship with Christopher, and this delivers Myles to the tortures of jealousy. So skilfully has Mr. Philpotts managed the interest that at no time is there the smallest tinge of coquetry in this woman, whose heart is honestly large enough for two men, while it remains actually true to her husband. The problem ends in a tragedy very simple and moving, and Honor has Christopher for a husband, but little chance of happiness. Mr. Philpotts has told his story with singular delicacy and finish, and it ranks high in the very small proportion of artistic work that is to be found amongst English novels.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

Quintessence. Anthony Hope. (Methuen. 6s.)

The Goldsmith Anthology. British Anthologies, No. IX. Edited by Professor Edward Arber. (Frowde. 2s. 6d.)

Twice Captured. Earl Rosslyn. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)

Spirit and Travel. F. Courtenay Selous. (Longmans. 6s.)

In the Ice-World of Himalaya. Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

The Pretty Polly. W. Clark Russell. (Chatto and Windus. 5s.)

Mrs. of Marlowes. Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Heinemann. 6s.)

London. H. L. Hunt. (Hesperus. 6s.)

London. H. L. Hunt. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

The Little Village. Max Emberton. (Methuen. 6s.)

The Little Village. Charles W. Wood. (Methuen. 10s.)

The Lane That Had No Turning. Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann. 6s.)



THE INDIAN TANTALUS.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The event which for the last few weeks has given rise to the greatest excitement and the most heated controversy in France is the reorganisation of the teaching and governing staff of the Military School of St. Cyr. Up to recently, it was supposed to be the only institution into which politics had failed to effect an insidious entrance. I say supposed, for now it is alleged that the absence of that element of discord was more apparent than real, and that among the nine hundred and odd young fellows constituting the establishment, and the majority of whom will, at a time not far distant, join the army as sub-lieutenants, the present régime—namely, the Republic—is held in scanty respect. I do not pretend to affirm or deny the allegation, though in common fairness I am bound to say that I believe it to be not entirely unfounded. The class from which the St. Cyrions are recruited is, as a rule, socially superior to that which sends its sons to the Polytechnic and Normal Schools, and, disguise it as one may, neither the French aristocracy nor the *haute bourgeoisie* has taken kindly to the Republican dispensation.

The French aristocracy and *haute bourgeoisie*, with few exceptions, send their sons to be educated with the Jesuits, better known as the Ecole de la Rue des Postes; and for many, many years the influence of those pupils has, even according to the showing of the above-named two classes, dominated. I am not stating this on my own authority, but on that of a gentleman competent to judge. There have been, as far as I can gather, proposals—not open ones—to admit none but scholars having studied in the governmental lycées; but such a measure would have evidently been too drastic, and was consequently strangled in its conception.

The Republicans are at this moment playing for all they are worth. They are practically compelled to do this in view of the recently developed manoeuvres of the Nationalists, on whom they have inflicted a first and severe check in connection with the proposed banquet of the Municipality of Paris to the provincial Mayors, which banquet they frustrated by a similar invitation issued from the Government itself—with what startling success the reader already knows. It is highly probable that, emboldened by its first advantage, the Government was desirous of striking a harder blow, and General André, in virtue of his newly acquired powers—the acquisition of which was, however, due to General Gallifet—has removed something like twenty-five officers from their positions at St. Cyr, and sent them back to their regimental duties, and naturally replaced them by others.

The Nationalists are crying out that this is a measure of Republican weeding inspired by democratic and atheistic sentiments—the terms have pretty well, in the opinion of said Nationalists, become convertible. The Republicans are denying this, and meanwhile the school of St. Cyr is like the iron between the anvil and the hammer.

It is a pity; for whatever happens, St. Cyr ought to have remained outside the pale of all controversy. I do not believe that its curriculum can compare with that of the German, but especially the Prussian, school for military cadets; but such as it is, it has produced a number of officers of distinction, and to give Frenchmen their due, their patriotism in the hour of need has never been impaired by their political and religious opinions, and it should remain above suspicion.

For it requires an enormous amount of patriotism both on the side of the sons and on that of the parents to consign the former to a two years' sojourn at St. Cyr. The ten years' training imposed upon the German lad aspiring to a commission may be very hard; I doubt whether it be harder than the twenty-four months' residence at St. Cyr. The régime of the 1st Battalion of France—to give it its official title—is with few exceptions similar to that of the ordinary regiment in barracks. Some people pretend that it is both harder and stricter, and, if that be the case, I would as soon have a son of mine consigned to a reformatory than send him thither. In spite of all that has been said, the life of a private in a French regiment is little short of an inferno to a lad reared amid refined surroundings. I need not dwell upon this—it would be telling a twice-told tale again. A glance at the St. Cyr programme induces one to think that the assertion of the pessimists is true. That programme certainly contains too much of the whole of it has to be absorbed in two years. The pupil-officers rise at five in summer and winter, and for sixteen hours and a half have scarcely a moment to call their own.

The St. Cyrion's fool, accoutrements, and clothing are superior to those of the common soldier, but in all other respects he leads the life of the latter, inasmuch as he is subject to the same punishments—confinement to barracks, guard-room, and cells, etc. The common soldier, though, knowing that three years at the most will see him restored to civil life, has not to worry his brain with the imbibing of a lot of knowledge for future use. Nine times out of ten the young Frenchman, when once he has become resigned to the horrors of the French barrack-room, cares little whether he leave the army as a sergeant or a private. I am writing this conscientiously, in spite of all the high-falutin to the contrary, and my words especially apply to the young Frenchman of the better classes, compelled to pay the toll of three years' compulsory service to his country. His main preoccupation, when once he has mastered his drill and theory, is to keep out of trouble by carefully attending to his duties, seeing that his kit and arms remain in good order, and to spend the remainder of his thirty-six months of servitude as pleasantly as possible.

It has been said again and again by the democrats through thick and thin that the young French aristocrat and the wealthy young bourgeois go to St. Cyr in order to reduce that servitude by a third. Oh, the mockery of it to those who know!

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Aspirant (Harlow),—Secretary, Ladies' Chess Club, 17, Clifford Street, Bond Street, W.

C DAHL (Copenhagen).—Your contributions are always welcome.

C B WITTEBERG (Portland, Me, U.S.A.).—Thanks for letters and corrected position. It shall appear at an early date.

H J EDWARDS (Finbury Park).—We are sorry your problem is not up to our standard. You have to learn much in problem-construction. Try again.

J G THAIN.—1. Kt to K2nd is another way.

H CHIFFINOW.—Quite sound. It shall appear.

K G ARRAHANS (Maiden Vale Chess Club).—Much obliged.

C. S. 2235. C. S. 2236. C. S. 2237. C. S. 2238. C. S. 2239. C. S. 2240. C. S. 2241. C. S. 2242. C. S. 2243. C. S. 2244. C. S. 2245. C. S. 2246. C. S. 2247. C. S. 2248. C. S. 2249. C. S. 2250. C. S. 2251. C. S. 2252. C. S. 2253. C. S. 2254. C. S. 2255. C. S. 2256. C. S. 2257. C. S. 2258. C. S. 2259. C. S. 2260. C. S. 2261. C. S. 2262. C. S. 2263. C. S. 2264. C. S. 2265. C. S. 2266. C. S. 2267. C. S. 2268. C. S. 2269. C. S. 2270. C. S. 2271. C. S. 2272. C. S. 2273. C. S. 2274. C. S. 2275. C. S. 2276. C. S. 2277. C. S. 2278. C. S. 2279. C. S. 2280. C. S. 2281. C. S. 2282. C. S. 2283. C. S. 2284. C. S. 2285. C. S. 2286. C. S. 2287. C. S. 2288. C. S. 2289. C. S. 2290. C. S. 2291. C. S. 2292. C. S. 2293. C. S. 2294. C. S. 2295. C. S. 2296. C. S. 2297. C. S. 2298. C. S. 2299. C. S. 2300. C. S. 2301. C. S. 2302. C. S. 2303. C. S. 2304. C. S. 2305. C. S. 2306. C. S. 2307. C. S. 2308. C. S. 2309. C. S. 2310. C. S. 2311. C. S. 2312. C. S. 2313. C. S. 2314. C. S. 2315. C. S. 2316. C. S. 2317. C. 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SCENE OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED MOUND DWELLINGS AT AUCHINGAICH GLEN.

Lady Hodgson. Sir F. M. Hodgson



Lieutenant Edwards. Colonel Morland. Lieutenant Ralph. Captain Jones, R.N.

SIR FREDERICK HODGSON, GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST, AND LADY HODGSON HOMEWARD BOUND FROM WEST AFRICA.

Photograph supplied by J. Morrell Campbell.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.



AUSTRALIAN VOLUNTEERS WHO ARE TO FORM PART OF LORD HOPETOUN'S FEDERAL GUARD.

Photo Russell Weather



THE FAREWELL BANQUET TO LORD HOPETOUN GIVEN AT THE HOTEL CECIL ON OCTOBER 3.

Photo, Fradella and Young.

BOVRIL



AT THE FRONT & IN THE FRONT

BOVRIL IS LIQUID LIFE.

LADIES' PAGES.

Furs, like everything else almost, from firewood to diamonds, are going up in price as fast as possible. This is more the case with some varieties than with others. The furs which are in their *genre*—what pearls and diamonds are among precious stones—the special property of the very wealthy—sable and seal-skin, are leading the rise; and among the less costly varieties, the light foxes have had the largest increase. Of course, genuine silver fox is always a most expensive fur, but blue and white fox have also now become quite luxuries, for fashion has for some reason unknown dictated that they are to be considered specially *chic* this winter. White furs, dignified by the expensive title of Arctic fox, but for the most part of more homely origin, are much in favour among the more moderately priced furry adornments. These white furs, as also is the case with bear, mink, and others, are made up in very large sizes, the boas flat in shape and very much wider and longer than last winter. The barbaric notion of parading the heads of the beasts commends itself more and more, and apparently most of the poor creatures have had several tails, for a number of these appendages are provided to end every boa, while the solitary large head clasps it near the wearer's face. Of the costly embroideries that are worked on some furs, chiefly on Persian lamb and seal-skin, I have previously reported; but these are for the few. Lace will much less often be seen mingled with fur than was the case last season. This observation, however, does not apply to evening wraps, on which fur trimmings add their becoming and cosy finish to the daintiest laces and softest satins. A fine example is in this wise: There is a cape, reaching well below the waist, and made of soft white satin; this is veiled entirely with cream chiffon, on which is again laid bands of guipure lace, alternating with bands formed by rows upon rows of fine gathers of chiffon; the pattern of the lace is then picked out with ribbon embroideries in pink, green, and blue. To finish the whole there is a storm-collar and a deep band round the bottom of the cloak of soft, dark sable; accordion-pleated chiffon forming a frilling within the fur collar.

A neat tailor-made gown is of the first importance in the autumn—there are many occasions on which nothing looks so suitable. The tailor will nowadays turn out a garment that is smart enough to serve as an afternoon gown if wished, but the more rigid simplicity of the true tailor style is to be preferred if we are able to indulge in a sufficiency of gowns for all occasions—walking or shopping in the tailor-made, and changing to a smarter afternoon costume for calling or driving. An illustration of the smarter order of things may be cited. It is a camel's hair with the fashionable hairy surface; the colour is a rich brown with a ruddy tinge in its shadows. The skirt is plain, and trimmed down with strappings graduated in length, the middle ones reaching from waist to knee, and rapidly diminishing till on the hips they are a few inches long only.



A POLONAISE IN FINE CLOTH.

strappings are of ruby glacé, and each one is stitched down three times. The bodice is made with a short bolero of the material, strapped to correspond, fastening at the bust by six tiny gold buttons over a close-set fitting vest, continuing round the figure as a deep belt, of cream satin veiled with lace; and the collar-band of red glacé appears to be buttoned on to the bodice all round with similar tiny gold buttons. This is a contrast with a neighbouring gown of somewhat similar colouring: red and brown invisible check tweed, made with a plain skirt scarcely touching the ground, and trimmed only with a single strapping, Greek key-pattern round the foot, of black glacé; a short basqued little coat, with revers of crimson velvet piped round with black glacé; a strapping of the glacé running down and all round the coat.

A typical smart afternoon gown is in a satin cloth of Parma-violet shade, the skirt strapped on the hips with a darker shade of taffetas, but flowing away full and trained from the knee; the bolero is very short in front, almost nothing more than a band across the bust, and is trimmed jam-tart fashion with strappings of taffetas; under it is a deep belt of cloth-of-gold, with short vest of white silk and collar-band and full jabot of old rose-point lace of ivory shade. The sleeves are strapped at the top to correspond with the bolero, cut off a little below the elbow and finished with a fullness of ivory lace laid over white, to match the collar. Here is another gown which I thought particularly pretty. The material was chocolate-brown, in a soft but slightly hairy-surfaced woollen material; the skirt was laid in alternating plain panels and groups of the finest tucks all round, back as well as front, enough fullness being thus obtained; the tuckings referred to ended seven inches or so above the foot, and were trimmed at each termination with pretty clusters of lace gathered up. Under this tunic was a flounce cut in vandykes, each edged with lace. The bolero was made with a deep turned-down collar, which was edged along with gold cord, and under that with a little frill of narrow lace; then came the fitting portion of the bolero, also edged with three rows of gold cord and a frill of lace. The vest down the centre continued into a deep waist-belt behind, filling up the space to the edge of the bolero, and was composed of a network of gold cord and black velvet ribbon interlaced; a clustering frill of lace held the edges of the bolero together at the bust over this very effective vest. The sleeves were bell-shape and cut off short, and finished by a full cuff of the black and gold cord network, gathered into a band, which was frilled with lace to fall over the hand.

Our Illustrations give the polonaise fashion, which there is an attempt to introduce. Personally, I do not think this will succeed till we have the upper skirt draped above the under one. However, I admit the charms of that light cloth polonaise adorned with a velvet collar, vest, and waist-belt, and trimmed with a band of cloth having a cord down the centre and with tabs. The hat shown is of straw, in the new

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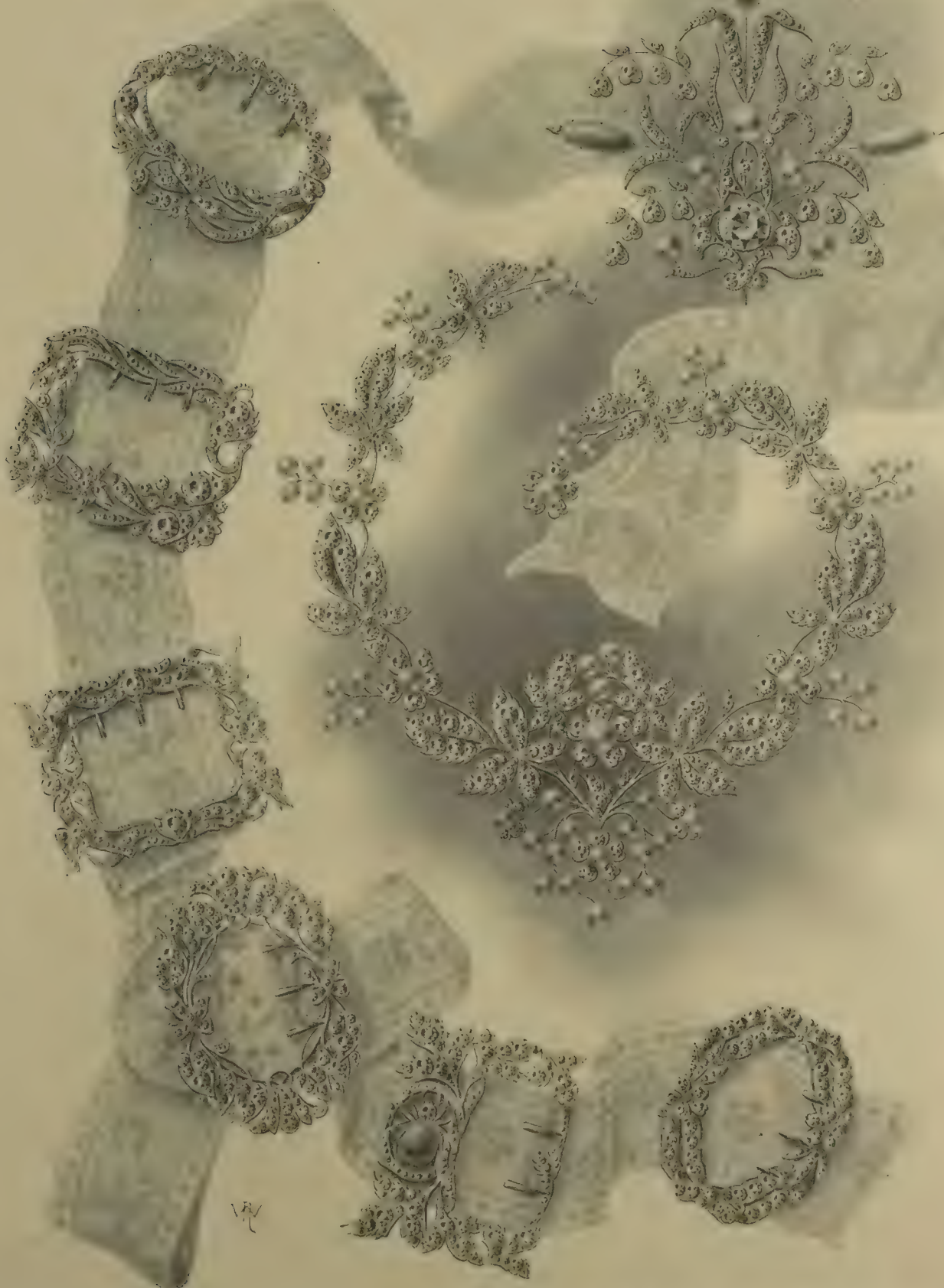
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"In the great movement for the more artistic designing of jewellery the Parisian Diamond Company are playing a prominent part. We have for years, let us confess it at once, been asleep to the artistic value of the decorative influence of jewels,"—*Gentlemen*.

"As to the designs of the Parisian Diamond Company, they are more beautiful than those into which real gems are wrought, and indeed it would be a clever expert who could tell them from real stones when they are set in exactly the same way, only with far more variation and more art as to form,"—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

"Take for example the really splendid jewels that are constantly being produced by the Parisian Diamond Company, which not only rival the costly wares of the greatest jewellers, but in many instances excel them in their beauty and perfection of design,"—*Sketch*.



Some of the Latest and Loveliest Designs in Fashionable Jewellery by the PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY, 85, New Bond Street; 113, Regent Street; 43, Burlington Arcade.

boat-shape; it is trimmed with bows of chiffon, velvet band, and a diamond ornament. The other gown is a polonaise in fine cloth finely tucked and beaded, and having a vest of velvet trimmed with lace; the toque is of a light material trimmed with velvet bows. The polonaise is, of course, a sort of Princess dress cut off short, to show an underskirt. The Princess style proper—the full length of the gown flowing from the shoulder to the end on the ground all in one piece, well shaped to the lines of the figure—is much used for evening gowns at present. It is very graceful if the figure be sufficiently slender and elegant. The fastening is generally made invisibly under the arm, allowing the berth to be trimmed across the figure. There may, however, be a draped effect to the left shoulder given, the folds drawn in prettily to outline the waist-line, and the fastening obliquely from shoulder to foot trimmed with lace or some rich passementerie. Lace blousings are in place on Princess gowns.

Our ancestors used to carry their watches in outside covers that were called "watch-cases," and between the watch and its case they often, in their sweetly sentimental, ancient fashion, bestowed a little memento of "the dearest one of all." It was quite orthodox then for the lady of a man's heart to work him a watch-case lining, such as a layer of thin silk embroidered with her hair, twisted into a true-lover's knot, or into her initials interwoven with his own. Messrs. Benson, the well-known watchmakers, of 25, Old Bond Street, and Ludgate Hill, are rendering this idea into modern guise, for they offer to enamel a miniature beautifully, at a nominal charge, inside the cases of the hunter and half-hunter watches that they supply. Their watches are to be had on the instalment plan invented by the *Times*; and for a slightly longer-continued payment the wearer can have his best friend's portrait, or the recipient of the watch as a gift can carry about the donor's likeness, portrayed within the case.

From the 23rd of this month to the 26th the gathering of Ladies, chiefly Church workers, under the leadership of Bishops' wives, known as "The Conference of Women Workers," will be held at Brighton. The Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttelton, Mrs. Creighton, Lady Laura Ridding, and Mrs. Wilberforce are amongst the Bishops' wives presiding or taking part in the proceedings, which are to be less sombre, though no more amusing, than at most of the previous gatherings—for the "Women Workers" proclaim their seriousness in their very name. Amongst the topics to be spoken on are Women's Education, Women's Work on Public Boards, Educated Women in Foreign Missions, the Care of Afflicted Children and the Provision made for Epileptic and Feeble-Minded Persons under the Poor Law; while a brief two and a half hours only is to be given to Household Management and the Training of Servants. Mrs. Isabella Bishop speaks on "The Call to Educated Women of Foreign Missions." The subject of sending young women to dangerous posts in connection with foreign missions certainly ought to be carefully canvassed. It is horrible to read such tales as have lately been published of the indignities and tortures inflicted on



A LIGHT CLOTH POLONAISE.

the missionaries of our sex in China, and still worse to learn that little children born to them there were in the midst of the horrors and had to die under the terror and anguish of a religious persecution.

I wonder how often the seats in shops provided for the girls behind the counter in accordance with a recent Act of Parliament are actually used? The Act only says that the employers must provide the seats; but it does not and cannot order how often and under what circumstances the girls shall be allowed to sit down on the seats. If it did the result would in a great many cases be fatal to the employment of the girls, who would be replaced by men to prevent the interference of the law with the employer; but as it is, so far as I can see, the Act is a mere dead letter. I have never seen a girl sitting down behind the counter in a large London shop! In fact, were she to do so she would put a stop to the business, for there is never more than just enough room for those serving to get past each other standing, and we know how constantly they have to go from one spot to another to get the articles that are desired. I hesitate to suggest that ladies should move in the matter, and try to persuade shopkeepers to let the girls use the seats, for the same reason that Lord Salisbury opposed the passing of the Act—namely, the fear that if it were enforced it would lead to men being employed in place of girls; but the result of the Act ought to be a lesson to the promoters of separate and special legislation for working women. If shopmen were included in the provisions of the Act in question, ladies could speak to their tradespeople and press for the girls being allowed to sit down without fearing to do their interests any harm.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Diana." I think your ideas for your new dresses are very good, and I believe you will get both the brown afternoon dress (which should be lightly trimmed with gold and relieved with pale blue) at about eighteen pounds, and the white satin evening gown draped with chiffon and trimmed with your own old lace and some embroidery for about twenty guineas very satisfactorily. If you were in town I should advise an Empire evening gown, with a band of handsome pearl-and-gold passementerie, or, if you prefer, of silver and gold sparkling paillettes, under the bust, the satin cut to fall gracefully all in one, thence passing into a moderate train, with the lace arranged as suits it over the chiffon; but, perhaps, to wear in the country, the Empire style being so up-to-date might be too conspicuous for you. As to the hats, as what is becoming is so dependent on your own looks, I suggest that you study the forthcoming special Fashion Number of the *Lady's Pictorial* (to appear Oct. 20), and see which milliner's styles you think most likely to suit your style, and then send to her for a box of chapeaux on approval, explaining what you require. I am not at liberty to recommend anybody here. Thank you for what you say about the interest and usefulness of my fashion notes to you; that is what I like to hear.—"Van-der-Velde." The Empress Frederick's youngest daughter is married to Prince Frederick Carl of Hesse-Cassel. You are as wrong in all you say to me as about this point. FILOMENA.

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JAMES I. "PRINCE'S PLATE."

(Regd. 71,572.)

Guaranteed to retain its splendid appearance and wear like Silver for 30 Years.



James I. Mocha Dish, in Prince's Plate, £3 5s. In Sterling Silver, £10 10s.



1 Pint.



Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, James I. design, £11 10s. Prince's Plate Salad Servers, £1. Sterling Silver, £2 5s.



James I. Egg Cup and Saucer, with Six Egg Cups, interiors richly gilt. In Prince's Plate, £4 5s. In Sterling Silver, £9 15s.

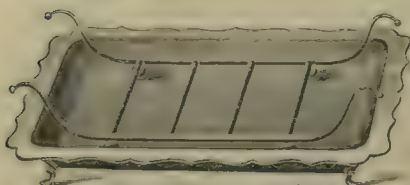


James I. Butter Dish, in Prince's Plate with Clear Glass Body, £1 5s. In Sterling Silver, £4.



James I. Afternoon Tea Service, Ebony Handle and Knob to Tea Pot.

	Tea Pot, 1/2 pint	Sugar Basin	Cream Jug
Prince's Plate	£2 15	£1 10	£1 13
Sterling Silver	£5 5	£2 13	£2 13

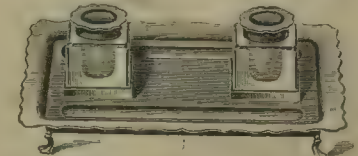


James I. Asparagus Stand and Rack, as illustrated. In Prince's Plate, £2 5s. Complete, with Sauce Boat, Prince's Plate, £4 10s.



(Registered Design.)

New Combination Breakfast Tray, in Prince's Plate and Cut Glass, James I.-style, £3.



James I. Inkstand, with Plain Square Cut Glass Bottles. Prince's Plate Sterling Silver ... £2 10



(Registered Design.)

Oval Entrée Dish, James I. style, 11 1/2 in. long. Prince's Plate, £3 5s. Sterling Silver, £12.

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'What do we live for, if not to Make Life less difficult for each other.'—GEORGE ELIOT.

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill!

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still."

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

LIGHT WHEN THOU ELSE WERT BLIND!

SYMPATHY!—Strength When Life's Surges Rudest Roll.

SOMETHING APPALLING!! MALARIAL FEVER!

'WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE than REVOLUTION or WAR? OUTRAGED NATURE! SHE KILLS, AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED of KILLING, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that NATURE is ONLY CONQUERED by OBEYING HER. MAN has his COURTESIES in REVOLUTION and WAR. He SPARES the WOMAN and CHILD. But NATURE is FIERCE WHEN SHE IS OFFENDED; she SPARES NEITHER WOMAN NOR CHILD. SHE has NO PITY, for some AWFUL, but MOST GOOD REASON.'—KINGSLEY.

'FOUR MILLION PERSONS DIE ANNUALLY of FEVER, PRINCIPALLY MALARIAL, IN BRITISH INDIA ALONE, and if we take into consideration the numerous other dependencies situated in such UNLOVABLE PLACES AS THE GOLD COAST, the STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, NEW GUINEA, BRITISH GUIANA, HONDURAS, and the WEST INDIES, the TOTAL POPULATION struck down YEAR by YEAR by MORE or LESS PREVENTABLE fever must be SOMETHING APPALLING.'—Observer.

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Acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and removes by natural means without hazardous force, all fetid or poisonous matter. It is impossible to overstate its great value in health or disease. It is HEALTH-GIVING, SOOTHING, COOLING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING, assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means, and relieves the system of effete Gouty, Rheumatic matter, the groundwork of Fevers and other diseases.

Without such a SIMPLE PRECAUTION the JEOPARDY of LIFE is immensely Increased.

'I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of "FRUIT SALT," which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries.'—(Signed) Captain Retired Pay, West India Regiment, Spanish Town, Jamaica, April 9, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH condition, is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.

It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless imitation.

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Mrs. Brown Potter, whose beautiful hair is the envy of her sex, writes, "I use only 'Tatcho.'"

If your hair is falling or falling, you have your remedy. Don't hesitate. Use "Tatcho." The result will surprise you, and will be intensely gratifying. It is sold in bottles by Chemists and Hairdressers all over the world, 2s. 9d. and 5s., or may be had direct in plain sealed package, post free, 2s. 11d. and 5s. 3d.

The Sims "Tatcho" Co., 81B, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Half a Teaspoonful



of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is sufficient for a, good-sized breakfast cup, and a $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tin for 30 cups of nourishing cocoa. It gives warmth and strength, is refreshing, sustaining, and invigorating, tempting the appetite with its aroma, and satisfying it with its delicious flavour.

Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is a digestible Cocoa, the excess of "Cocoa butter" and, all deleterious ingredients having been removed from the Cocoa-beans in manufacture.

Rowntree's ELECT COCOA

Of all Grocers, Confectioners, &c. In Tins, 6d., 9d., 1s. 6d., and 3s.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO
HILDESHEIM.

Hildesheim, in Hanover, has its time noised abroad just now in connection with the visit to it by the German Emperor and Empress. Yet, like all things Hanoverian, the town has long had historic associations with England; and has found admirers for its own sake among the more

first visit revives memories of days of old, when it was one of the original members of the Hanseatic League; and recalls, among its modern associations, the last King of Hanover's preference for Hildesheim as a holiday haunt. Indeed, the favour it once found in royal eyes is further illustrated by the inclusion of its name among the imperial titles; for William II. is, among other things, Lord of Hildesheim. The population, in preparing to greet the

recurring to with eager satisfaction. In a certain sense, other than in that of mere name, William succeeded William; for his father's too brief rule was something of an interregnum. The new statue comes from the studio of Professor Lessing in Berlin, and is erected by public subscription, a double mark of the great traditions the Emperor left behind him, and of the prosperity of the townsmen of Hildesheim. The Guilds, with



HILDESHEIM: ALTSTÄDTER MARKT.



HILDESHEIM: ANDREAS PLATZ.

penetrating of English tourists. Hildesheim stands a little aside from the beaten track, and that, no doubt, is why its population does not muster more than thirty-five thousand. For it is prettily situated, and its buildings—as our illustrations of the Andreas Platz and the Altstädter Markt show—are picturesque. Twenty years ago its population was ten thousand fewer than it now is; so that Hildesheim is not a decaying town in that respect, although its glories seem to be a little bygone. The Emperor in paying it his

Emperor's arrival in their midst on the Tuesday of next week, make ready for their own particular lord, who certainly cannot fail to be pleased with what he sees and what he hears. In the Sedan Strasse a review of some thousands of members of the clubs of veterans will be held as a preliminary to the unveiling of a memorial statue of the Emperor William I. That is a subject which any German finds it difficult to exhaust, and which the grandson of the national hero may well be pardoned for

the delightful old-world costumes, will attend the function; and the Emperor and Empress will view the frescoes by Pöhl in the Rathhaus, and will drink from the historic goblet belonging to the Town Council. Nor will they leave Hildesheim without a visit to the Cathedral, with its bronze doors, of the eleventh century; and a glimpse of the famous Abbey of St. Michael, some of the buildings of which are now devoted to the housing of deaf-mutes and the mentally afflicted.

The Genuine Brandy.
Bottled in Cognac.

HENNESSY'S THREE STAR BRANDY

Messrs. Jas. Hennessy and Co. are
the Largest Shippers in the World
of Bottled Brandy.

Guy's Tonic Revives Strength.

Mr. B. HOWARD writes from Ryall Grove, Earl's Croome, Worcestershire:

"I have found Guy's Tonic a wonderful help when run down; it is
"what I call a Strength Reviver."

A Real Tonic—not a Stimulant.

When prostrate and worn out at the end of an exhausting day's work, do not be persuaded that alcoholic drinks are required. The brief span of vigour and exhilaration produced by stimulants is but short-lived. It is succeeded by languor and lethargy more troublesome than before. But with Guy's nutritive and stimulating Tonic how different! The sufferer finds that a few doses will dissipate fatigue and infuse new energy upon the Muscular and Mental powers; lethargy goes, the sinking feeling leaves, and the Nervous terror and agitation are removed; hard brain-work becomes an intellectual enjoyment; the Stomach is strengthened, the Liver regulated, and the entire Nervous System invigorated by its use.

GENTLEMEN,—Guy's Tonic has done wonders for me. I suffered from Indigestion of long standing, and of a very severe character. I had loss of Appetite, more especially for breakfast, distension, and general uneasiness after eating, as well as irresistible drowsiness after each meal. There were also flushings of the face, redness about the nose, unpleasant taste in the mouth, with a coated tongue, acidity, and gradually increasing bad Health. For strengthening the Stomach and rousing the falling Appetite, I consider Guy's Tonic a most reliable medicine. I could not wish anything more agreeable to take.—Yours faithfully,

E. ROBERTS.

GENTLEMEN,—I can strongly recommend Guy's Tonic as a medicine of remarkable efficacy for Indigestion, loss of Appetite, sour taste in the mouth, palpitation, Headache, drowsiness after meals, with distressing mental Depression and low spirits. Guy's Tonic must be a unique preparation for cases such as mine, for a few doses entirely removed my complaint. I wonder at people going on suffering, or spending their money in worthless things, when such a medicine as Guy's Tonic is procurable, and so cheap. They are to be pitied if they have not yet heard of its wonderful value.—Most truly yours,

M. A. BROOK.

The Editor of the *Kentish Express*—the County Paper of Kent—states in the issue for Sept. 8, 1900—

"On all sides we hear of the benefit derived from Guy's Tonic, and personally we have come across a case in which a gentleman who suffered for years from
"Dyspepsia saw Guy's Tonic advertised in the *Kentish Express*, and decided to
"give it a trial. At once he began to digest his food as he had not done for
"years, and Guy's Tonic acted, as its name denotes, as a decided tonic to his
"System."

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation of Simple Vegetable origin. It is employed with excellent results in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.





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Brightens Everything.

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WONT WASH CLOTHES.

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Clean Paint.
Clean Tables.
Clean Floorcloths.
Clean Floors.
Clean Harness.
Clean Saucepans.
MONKEY BRAND
Cleans all Things.

MORE BIRD SUPERSTITIONS.

To dream of our pretty songster the lark is held a good augury for future wealth, health, and riches won by industry. It is somewhat doubtful if a search among old lore and records of the past would reveal a single omen, legend, or proverb disrespectful to this merry bird. The raven doth not hatch a lark," wrote Shakspeare, while a couple of old sayings run: "The lark sings but to Heaven and his home" and "Larks mount singing," which latter is quite true. We are also told that "If larks fly high and sing long, expect fine weather," and another prognostication is evidenced if they sing before they sing at dawn, with an overcast sky. If they rise, a fine day is to be expected. If field-larks congregate in flocks, severe cold is indicated. Coming to finches, the plaintive note of this bird is by many taken as indicating rain, and in Scotland the following jingle is common:

"Weet-weet,
Dreep-dreep!"

The feathered denizens of the farmyard have ever been associated with proverbs; such as, "Children and chicken must always be pickin'"; "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost"; "A laying hen is better than a standing mill"; "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"; "It's an ill housewife that roasts the old rooster"; "The

fool puts his last hen in the pot"; "The crowing cock loves his own music"; and "Geese follow their leader, if he's a big-enough goose." Of fowls there is a rhyme thus—

If fowls roll in the sand,
Rain is at hand,

and when they look towards the sky, or roost in the day-time, rain may be expected; but if they trim their feathers during a storm, the rain is about to cease, while their standing on one leg is considered a sign of cold weather. When fowls collect together, and peck or straighten their feathers, a change in the weather may be looked for. In Italy, we are told that if the cock drink in summer it will rain a little after, and in this country the following two rhymes are common

If the cock moult before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin;
But if the hen moult before the cock,
We shall have weather hard as a block.

And—

If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He'll certainly rise with a watery head.

With regard to ducks, we are told—

When ducks are driving through the burn,
That night the weather takes a turn.

Divers and ducks prune their feathers before a wind, but geese seem to call down the rain with their importunate

cackling—so says Bacon. In Morayshire there is a rhyme thus—

Wild geese, wild geese, ganging to the sea,
Good weather it will be;
Wild geese, wild geese, ganging to the lull,
The weather it will spill!

The whiteness of a goose's breast-bone is superstitiously thought to indicate or foreshadow the quantity of snow during the coming winter, as shown in the following lines—

If the November goose bone be thick,
So will the winter weather be;
If the November goose bone be thin,
So will the winter weather be.

Another oft-quoted rhyme tells us that when—

The goose and the gander
Begin to meander,
The matter is plain:
They are dancin' a daisy!

which has more of rhyme than truth in it. When turkeys perch on trees and refuse to come down, snow may be looked for; when swans fly, it is a sign of rough weather; while guinea-fowls squall more than usual just before rain. The people of Cornwall are devoted to pigeons, and believe in many places that the ring-dove will lose its ring if it is purchased by a faithless lover; while the belief that he who is sprinkled with pigeon's blood will not die a natural death dates from the days of Charles I.—W. N. B.

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1900.

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Handsome Comb, Unscrewed to show the inside. £10s.

18-ct. Ring, set with 6 Choice White Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires. £7 7s.

No. 8446—Fine White Double-cut Brilliants. £12 12s.

No. 8447—Fine White Double-cut Brilliants. £12 12s.

No. 8448—Fine White Double-cut Brilliants. £12 12s.

18-ct. Ring, set with Choice White Brilliants & Rubies or Sapphires in centre. £3 3s.

Gold Mounted Mother of Pearl Vest, Buttons for Evening Dress, set with Diamonds, Rubies, Turquoise, or Gold-Laced, from £3 3s. per set.

Links from £1 17s. 6d. per pair.

Studs from £1 10s. per set.

Collar-Stud from 12s. 6d.

Other prices on application.

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UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

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THE FINEST DRESSING, SPECIALLY PREPARED AND DELICATELY PERFUMED. A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.



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MRS. BROWN POTTER
(THE GREAT ACTRESS)

writes—

"I have used your 'Harlene,' and find it gives the most beautiful results. I consider it a wonderful hair tonic."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 27, 1898), with two codicils (dated April 21 and Aug. 15, 1900), of Mr. Frederick William Campion, of Millside, Trumpets Hill, Reigate, and late of the Stock Exchange, who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Oct. 2 by Mrs. Mary Georgina Campion, the widow, Edward Dixon, and Thomas Henry Devereux Berridge, the executors, the value of the estate being £128,194. The testator gives £3000 and his furniture and domestic effects, and during her widowhood the income of £75,000, to his wife, or in the event of her again marrying, an annuity of £500; £500 each to his executors; £200 to his partner, Horace Quore; £4000, upon trust, for his son-in-law Frederick Henry Read Sawyer; £4000, upon trust, for each of his sisters Sophia Jane Dixon, Beatrice Berridge, Agnes Berridge, Lydia Emily Campion, Ethel Campion, and Gertrude Frances Campion; and £200 each to Mary Cope Campion and Sophia Anna Campion. Subject to the interest of Mrs. Campion, the said sum of £75,000 is to go to his children. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife during her widowhood, and then for all his children.

The will (dated June 27, 1895), with a codicil (dated Nov. 28, 1899), of Lieutenant-Colonel William Henry Baker, Hon. Artillery Company, of 22, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, 7, Bank Street, W., and 17, Philpot Lane, E.C., who died on June 28, was proved on Sept. 28 by Richard Baker, the brother, Ernest Henry Brudenell

Baker, the son, and George Augustus Burville Fletcher, the executors, the value of the estate being £126,733. The testator gives his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects, and the income of £6000 and of a policy of insurance for £1000, to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Baker; £3000 each to his daughters Mrs. Ernestine Ellen Gray and Mrs. Lucy Jane Lloyd; £5000 each to his daughters Florence Louisa and Mabel Blanche; £5000, a painting of himself, presented by the Hon. Artillery Company, a silver vase, and his accoutrements and jewels to his son Ernest Henry Brudenell; £5000 to his son George Frederick Napoleon; £1000 each to his sons-in-law Frederick Lloyd and Henry George Gray; £1000, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Eliza Smith; £500 to his brother James; £250 each to his brother Richard and G. A. B. Fletcher; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Kayler, of 112, Piccadilly, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Oct. 2 by Charles Edward Pugh, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £82,235. The testator gives annuities of £300 each to Arabella Pugh and Jenny Pugh, and the residue of his property to Charles Edward Pugh.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1896), with a codicil (dated Nov. 26 following), of Mr. Joseph Macdonald, J.P., of Sutherland House, Egham, who died at Harrogate on July 27, was proved on Oct. 2 by the Rev. George Sutherland Mackay, James Mackay, John Macdonald, the

brother, and Thomas Francis Martin Cartwright, the executors, the value of the estate in the United Kingdom being £119,768. The testator gives £1000 to his wife, and until she shall marry again the use and enjoyment of his freehold residence, with the furniture and effects therein, and an annuity of £1000. His residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for all his children.

The will (dated June 8, 1897) of Mr. Lewis Alford, of 2, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Sept. 19 by Frank Broome and Captain Frederick Lewis Alford, R.N., the son, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £79,846. The testator gives £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Alice Grace Winifred Alford; £20,000, upon trust, for his son Charles Egerton, and £1500 for his education; £500 to Elizabeth Perrin; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons Frederick Lewis Alford and Henry Stamford Lewis Alford in equal shares.

The will (dated July 3, 1900) of Mr. Charles Cleve, of Iretton, Eton Avenue, N.W., and of the Stock Exchange, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Oct. 1 by Mrs. Catherine Cleve, the widow, Jacob Paul Sichel, and Arthur Kent, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,791. The testator bequeaths £10,000, his furniture and domestic effects, and the income, for life, of £30,000 to his wife; £200 to the West London Synagogue of British Jews; an annuity of £50 to his brother Daniel Hermann Cleve; an annuity of £60 to his sister Sophie

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The fine collection of other instantaneous views, landscapes, portraits, architectural views, and interiors exhibited by Mr. Goerz, demonstrates that the Goerz-Anschutz Folding Camera (also to be seen, and the compactness and convenience of which are noteworthy) is fit for any and every kind of photographic work. We would advise the reader to send for a splendidly illustrated catalogue of this camera to the Office of C. P. Goerz,

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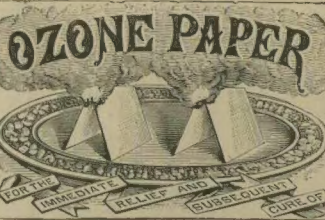
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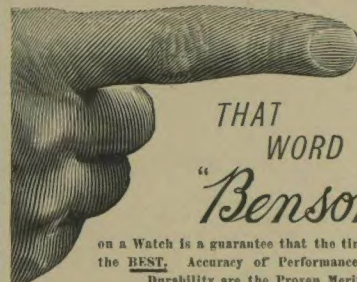
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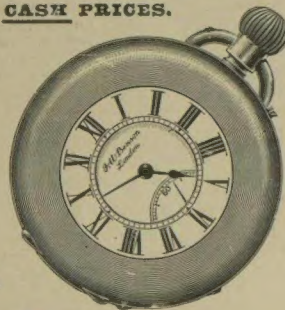
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Berger, and at her death to her daughter Julie Berger; two improved leasehold ground rents—issuing out of property in Eton Avenue to Charles George Carson; and £100 each to George Augustin Carson, Norman Carson, Mrs. Emily Upton, and her two daughters. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his nephew Alfred Berger, and the other half to his niece Julie Siebel.

The will (dated April 16, 1900) of Mr. Henry Wyatt, of Walton Grange, Aylesbury, for many years agent to the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, who died on April 17, has been proved by Thomas Horwood and Julian Macfarquhar James, the executors, the value of the estate being £29,760. The testator gives annuities of £150 to his wife Mrs. Edith Wyatt, and £60 to his sister Sophia Herrieff. Subject thereof, his property is to be held, upon trust, for his son Ferdinand Henry Wyatt.

The will (dated April 26, 1894) of Sir Walter Rockcliff Farquhar, third Baronet, of Polesden Lacey, Surrey, who died on July 15, was proved on Sept. 29 by Sir Thomas

Henry Farquhar, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £23,433. The testator gives £3000, and certain furniture and plate, carriages and horses, to his wife, Lady Mary Octavia Farquhar, and her income is to be made up to £3000 per annum; and £300 per annum each to his daughters Charlotte Louisa and Caroline Emily Horatia until they shall respectively marry. On the decease of his wife portions of £10,000 each are to be made up and held, upon trust, for his said two daughters while spinsters. Having already made settlements on his other children, he leaves the residue of his property to his son Thomas Henry.

The will of Colonel George Shields, late 13th Hussars, of Tridenham House, Farnborough, who died on July 31, was proved on Sept. 27 by Mrs. Therese Marie Shields, the widow, the value of the estate being £8889.

The will of Mr. John George Frederick Hope-Wallace, J.P., of Featherstone Castle, Northumberland, who died on July 14 at 17, Wetherby Gardens, S.W., was proved on Oct. 1 by Mrs. Mary Frances Hope-Wallace, the

widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £7889.

The will and codicil of Major William Patchett, D.L., J.P., of Greenfields, near Shrewsbury, who died on June 29, was proved on Oct. 2 by Lieut.-Colonel William Gordon Patchett, the son, and Miss Kate Arabella Patchett, the daughter, the value of the estate being £9465.

Patriotic badges are still *en vogue*, and are likely to increase in numbers on the return of the troops. Messrs. J. Beal and Son, of East Street, Brighton, have issued quite a pretty favour in red, white, blue, and khaki.

The Kennel Club's forty-fifth annual show will, as usual, be held at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Oct. 16, 17, and 18. Among the exhibitors will be the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Duchess of Cleveland. The classes have been well filled, and a brilliant and successful show is certain to be the result.



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